A Complete Story by John C. Fleming on Page 11.

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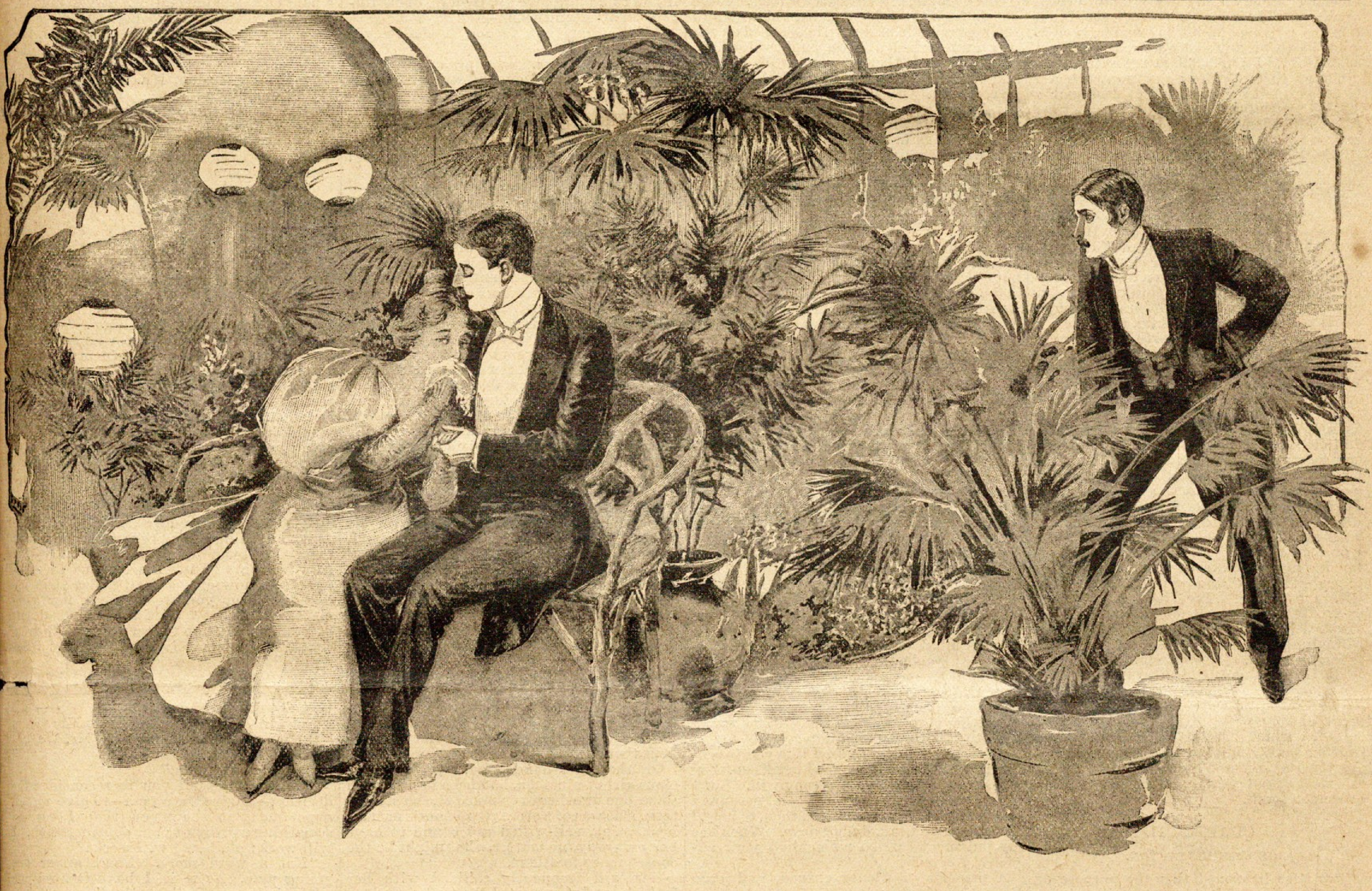

HE HEARD THE SOUND OF SOBBING BEHIND A BANK OF GREAT ORCHIDS. HE PAUSED TO LISTEN.

EMMETT'S GIRL.*

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS,

Author of "In the China Sea," "Two Gentlemen of Hawaii," "Darby, the Bear-Hunter of Alaska," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

GIDEON WELLES.

IF Gideon Welles had been born poor, he would have been a detective. This was admitted by every one of his intimate friends and acquaintances. As things were, he was a great bore. This, unfortunately, was the unanimous opinion of the same friends. Gideon was a man now well on to thirty years of age—old enough, every one said, to know better. He had inherited enough money to keep him in comfort, if he lived economically and wisely. It cannot be said he did either. Gideon was smart enough, had he turned his attention to making money, to make a good deal of it; but having enough, as he thought, to destroy all incentive to work, his mind lacked application to great affairs and ran riot in looking after the affairs of other people. At least this was the opinion of his friends, who did not hesitate to proclaim him a meddler. Gideon's mind was one that demanded an outlet in some sort of activity, and as Gideon was not much of a scholar, no artist, and having no grasp on any of the isms or higher theories of life—or death either, for that matter—his mind sought and found its relief in details and deductions.

Gideon spent his time looking for reasons, and he generally found them, if not satisfactory to others, certainly so to himself. He knew the whys and wherefores of more insignificant things than another man would ever bother his head about. His eye was trained to catch the least important and the most important details of things which often did not concern him in the least. If he saw a bicycle leaning against the curb before a restaurant, he would at once begin on his theory of deduction and reason out for his own enlightenment that the owner of the bicycle was a man, because it had a top-bar; that he was hungry, and, if the restaurant was not first-class, that he was a stranger in the vicinity. The rider might as often as not be a bill collector, but Gideon rarely knew the truth of these matters, because he accepted his own deductions as truth.

Colonel Topleigh, of the Artillery, stationed on Governor's Island, was wont to relate a story about Gideon that well serves to illustrate his character.

One day, Gideon, in passing through Fifty-third Street, saw a man, with a very stern face, carrying a gun, go into a house, the occupants of which were not unknown to Gideon. Gideon, putting this together with something he had heard, leaned up against an opposite stoop-post and gravely waited for the shooting to take place, for to Gideon the stern face and gun were a combination that meant instant action and quick revenge.

The man with the gun proved, however, to be a gunmaker taking home the piece, having corrected a fault in it for the owner, preparatory to the fall shooting.

This incident, of course, has no direct bearing on the history beginning in this chapter, but is introduced in order that the nature of Gideon Welles, with whom we shall have more to do, may be well understood.

In short, Mr. Welles firmly believed that he had reduced to an art the science of deduction, whereas the verdict of his friends was that he had reduced to a science the art of making mountains out of molehills.

Gideon lived with an elderly aunt on Lexington Avenue, in the neighborhood of Forty-eighth Street, and had two cozy rooms on the third floor, which he designated as his "den." Gideon's rooms were models of neatness, nothing in them ever being by any chance allowed to stray away from the spot where it belonged. Everything that Gideon owned had its proper place, a full explanation of which would be forthcoming if the propriety of the arrangements should be questioned.

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One of Gideon's rooms was his dressing-room, library and lounging-room, and the other was his bedroom. Here he could usually be found, unless he was taking his usual stroll or whiling away a few hours at the Bohemia Club, where he usually found such jolly spirits as Colonel Topleigh of the Artillery, Arthur Hildreth and George Ellington, all of whom we shall meet later.

It so happened that Gideon sat in his room one day, smoking his meerschaum pipe and cogitating over several things.

As he had a habit, when in his room, of doing some of his thinking out loud, and as some of his thoughts bear directly on a few persons we shall meet with hereafter, we will invade the sanctity of his apartments and listen to his remarks.

"Yes," he was saying in an argumentative way, "that is the situation in a nutshell. Here's myself, Gideon Welles, Esquire, gentleman of leisure, small income, and an increasing number of debts and urgent creditors. There's Helen Wattleson, beautiful as a queen, proud as Lucifer, good as gold, fit to be any man's wife, and not yet spoken for. I fancy she is not entirely indifferent to me. Her eyes, now, when I meet her, melt so beautifully. And such a smile—heavenly, indeed. Now, I don't see that smile when Hildreth, Ellington and the rest are with her. But, then, I begin to think Hildreth and Ellington are both in love with Amy, the younger sister. *She's* pretty, but not my style. Heart like a stone, *I* think. But there's a strange situation for you. Employer and employee both after the same girl. Ha! Well, I fancy Hildreth is way in the lead with old man Wattleson. Wattleson loves money. Amy inclines to Ellington. Well, George is a handsome fellow. By Jove, come to think of it, that pretty typewriter of Thornton & Ormsby's seems to be in love with him, too. He's a fool. Grace Emmett is worth a dozen Amy Wattlesons. But Grace is poor, and Amy—well, if not rich, close to it. I wonder if old Wattleson *is* rich. Now, let's see. He lives on his income, and lives well. We know that. His house is a good one, and always open. We know *that*. He banks at Hildreth's, so, of course, Hildreth knows just how he stands. I'll have to pump Hildreth. I can't say I really want to marry, but I *must* have money. Must get it somehow. That's as good a way as any other. Wonder which one will marry Amy? None of my business, of course, but as a brother-in-law I prefer Hildreth. He's a banker. Ellington is only a bookkeeper. I'll bet pennies to peanuts that Ellington proposes for Amy within a month. The signs are all that way. It's dollars to doughnuts he's refused. Hildreth's sure to be the man. Then Ellington may console himself with the typewriter girl. My, but she's a beauty! Well, I must sound Hildreth on old Wattleson's money, and I must cultivate Helen a little—let her see more of me. Then to the point, eh?"

After which satisfactory conclusion, Gideon, having finished his pipe and soliloquy together, dressed himself faultlessly for the street, and went out for his regular afternoon stroll.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE ELLINGTON.

Now it so happened that the purpose of proposing for the hand of Amy Wattleson had entered the head of George Ellington before Mr. Welles had associated such an act with the young man.

George Ellington was a handsome young fellow, with a frank, open countenance and a gentlemanly manner. As confidential bookkeeper in the banking-house of Hildreth & Son, on Nassau Street, he enjoyed a salary which enabled him to keep up appearances, move in good society, and to support an aged and doting father in a comfortable flat, where a housekeeper, liberally paid by the young man, kept things tidy and homelike.

The love between George Ellington and his father had long been a subject of kindly comment among their friends. Whenever these two were seen together on the street, the tall, bent, white-haired old man leaning lovingly on the arm of his erect, square-shouldered son, people who passed them paused and gave more than a passing glance at them. No one for a moment would hesitate in pronouncing them father and son. They were like portraits of the same person at different ages. And the love, the grand sympathy and friendship and fellowship existing between them was a touching, a holy thing.

Every afternoon, when George came home from the banking-house, he asked tenderly and anxiously after his father's health, how he had spent the day, and a dozen other questions, all bearing on the old gentleman's comfort and health.

Mr. Ellington, in return, interested himself in the business affairs of his son, and asked how the day had gone with him.

George Ellington had met Amy Wattleson at a number of society functions, for they moved in the same circles, and the impulsive and romantic girl had fallen in love with him at once. Now George was for a time almost divided in his sentiments, for there was combating for supremacy in his mind a pretty face that was bent daily over a typewriter in a famous law-office near the bank.

That Grace Emmett was a beautiful girl, all who had ever seen her agreed. That she was a true woman all who knew her maintained. That *she* loved Ellington he did not for a moment mistrust. He had met her in the office, and also at a few small social gatherings, from which he had escorted her home; but the proud girl, if she loved the handsome bookkeeper, did not allow him to see it.

Not so Amy Wattleson. Impulsive, headstrong, selfish, she never lost an opportunity to win him by all the arts known to a pretty girl, and Ellington, at last, felt that he returned her love. Therefore, at the time this history opens, sundry delicious little things had been said between them, and it was understood that George should make an occasion to speak to Papa Wattleson on the important subject of getting married.

George had never taken an important step in his life without first consulting his father and weighing well the words of sound advice he was sure to receive.

The jolliest sort of bohemianism was enjoyed by these two in their pleasant home.

One evening, after a hearty dinner, George got up from the table and led the way into their cozy little parlor. He stopped on the way and opened a little cupboard in the hall, and took therefrom a jar of tobacco and two pipes. Having reached the parlor, he courteously filled a pipe and handed it to his father, who lighted it, and sat back in his easy-chair with a smile of great content on his face as he watched the son he loved so well filling his pipe from the jar, chatting gayly the while.

"Oh, father," said George, puffing a cloud of smoke, and swinging one leg over the arm of his chair, "this *is* solid comfort, is it not?"

"Indeed, yes, son. Our home is a pleasant one, thanks to you. I wish every father could have such a son to bless his old age and make him happy."

"Ah, ha, daddy dear, but every son has not such a father to bring him up and teach him how to live to the credit of his manhood and to his birth."

As he spoke he tenderly patted the thin old hand that rested on the chair-arm, and laughed in an easy, affectionate way.

"And," he continued, his manner changing and his eyes turning to the picture of a pure, old face on the wall, "every son has not the memory of such a mother, to keep him straight."

After a time they smoked more and talked less, and George dreamily watched the curling smoke from his pipe, his brow furrowed in deep and perplexing thought.

"You are more than usually pensive to-night, my boy," said Mr. Ellington. "Has anything gone wrong to-day?"

"Nothing, father, not a thing."

"You—looked rather—perplexed—worried, I thought. I hope there is no burden on your mind, George."

George laughed.

"There *is* something on my mind, father," he said, "but it is nothing that need cause you a moment of anxiety or me a blush. Yes, I have something on my mind that I wish to talk to you about."

"Yes, George, you know I like you to confide in me. You have a good head, son. You are shrewd and have a strong will. But I have seen more of the world, and perhaps I can give you a word now and then, to help."

"Indeed you can, daddy dear. When has my judgment carried me against your advice? Never!"

A moment of silence ensued, and then George continued:

"Father," he said, "this is a cozy little home of ours, but it lacks one thing."

A peculiar look came into the old gentleman's eyes. He seemed to know what was coming, and to fear it.

"Yes, my son," was all he said.

"Wouldn't it be fine, father, if we had a pretty little woman here to shed sunlight around and brighten us up? We two old fellows, you and me. And to sing to us and praise us and scold us and make us love her more and more?"

The old man's lip quivered. He turned his face away, and dropped his handkerchief, and bent over to pick it up, to hide from his son the unbidden tear that glistened on his cheek. Ah, love! It robs as much as it gives. The happiness of one heart is the arrow point in another.

"Yes, George," answered Mr. Ellington, recovering himself, and forcing himself to smile. "I know what you mean, of course. You are thinking of getting married. It will interfere with this sweet companionship of—"

"Not one bit, father," replied George tenderly. "No woman who breathes can render my love for you less than it is. But I *do* love a sweet little girl, and, oh, I often picture her here in our home, making it all so beautiful and bright, and such gay company for you while I am at work. Ah, what dreams of bliss I've had for us two—us *three*, if you will."

"You are enthusiastic, son. Ah, I was the same at your age, I was not going to complain when you stopped me. No, no. The opposite. You are getting on now, George. You have saved a little. Your income is sufficient. Yes, it is time you married. The question is, who?"

"Ha, Love can answer that, father. You know her. You see her at church every Sunday. What do you say to Amy Wattleson?"

"Ah!" Mr. Ellington smiled. "You look high, boy. Are you sure you can win that high and mighty young lady?"

"She loves me. She has promised me," answered George.

"Ah, who would not love you? *Any* woman might well be glad to win you. But have you spoken to Mr. Wattleson about it?"

"No, father, not yet. That is the step I would not take without first speaking to you."

"You must take it at once, George. Having won the girl's love and consent, it is not manly to hold off from speaking plainly to her father. You may have trouble there, though. Mr. Wattleson is a hard man. He loves money better than anything else on earth. I don't think the happiness of his two motherless daughters is as important in his eyes as gold."

"Oh, father, surely he cannot be as bad as that. He is always kind and courteous to me when I am in his house."

"I hope I may be mistaken in him. I really hope so. Try it, my boy. I begin to feel impatient—as if I was the young lover myself. Your happiness is mine, you know. Go to-night. See Mr. Wattleson. Win him, if you can, but above all, George, don't forget you are a gentleman—and my son."

"Don't fear that, father. I shall never forget that."

Having put on an evening suit, he bade his father a fond adieu, and started briskly toward Mr. Wattleson's house.

When he had gone, Mr. Ellington's head dropped into his hands and burning tears fell through his wasted fingers.

"It has come!" he cried. "It has come! God give me strength to bear it!"

CHAPTER III.

JAMES WATTLESON.

In a large, luxuriously-furnished room, used for a general sitting-room, Mr. Wattleson sat, reading some scientific and financial papers, with the members of his household grouped about him.

Mr. Wattleson was a widower, about sixty years of age, and was beginning to show the ravages of his years. He had the reputation of being a shrewd, close man. He had amassed a comfortable fortune in iron, and some ten years before had retired, and spent his time jealously caring for his money. He was now habitually in a bad humor, for he was beginning to lose his strong grip on financial affairs, and had sustained some losses. He now leaned entirely on the firm of Hildreth & Son for advice.

Mrs. Sarah Kent, Mr. Wattleson's widowed sister, had for five years presided over his establishment, filling, as well as she could, the place of mother to the two girls, and was loved and respected by Helen, and at least seemingly so by the impetuous Amy.

Helen was a queenly, aristocratic-looking girl, about twenty-one years of age, whose wonderful beauty and her proud bearing made her the center of attraction in any gathering.

She was well liked by her friends who were intimate enough to know the sterling worth of her nature under the proud exterior. Yet, beautiful as she was, Helen Wattleson had had no lovers. Her coldness kept them at bay.

On the other hand, Amy, a pretty, vivacious girl of nineteen, had been in love with some one or other ever since she was fourteen. She was of a strongly romantic nature, headstrong, self-willed and bound to have her own way, no matter what might be the consequence to others.

Her will frequently collided with her father's, and it required the united skill of Helen and Mrs. Kent to restore order and smooth away the ruffled feelings that resulted.

Mr. Wattleson's parsimony in small matters was a constant source of irritation to Amy, who fumed, pouted and stormed until she succeeded in having her own way.

Helen, on the other hand, had a calm way of getting over these difficulties, and between her and her father there was less friction.

The girls were amusing themselves in their accustomed ways—Helen making a frock for the child of a poor woman whom she befriended, and Amy reading a novel. Mrs. Kent was sewing also.

The bell rang, and a servant appeared.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"To see me! Who can it be, I wonder? Ah, you have his card. Mr. George Ellington. Oh, the young bookkeeper at the bank. Show him into the library. Yes, I saw Hildreth to-day about some money, and he gave me no answer. Young Hildreth it was, and he couldn't give me an answer until he had consulted with his father. This young man, no doubt, comes with a message from his employer."

Amy lowered her face over the book she was reading, and the quick eyes of her aunt saw the color that came into her cheeks. Amy flushed easily, was very excitable, and Doctor Hornby, the family physician, gravely spoke of a weak heart. Her will was not weak, at all events. Helen, too, caught the look, and put her arm around her sister. There was not much in common between them; their natures were too far different. But Helen had a premonition of coming trouble, and the act was an involuntary one, offering support.

Mr. Wattleson stepped into the library, and found George Ellington there, fresh from his home after his conversation with his father.

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. Wattleson, blandly, as became one speaking to an employee of his banker. "You have a message for me, no doubt, from Hildreth about the cash. I admit it was a large amount to require on short notice."

"No, sir," said Ellington, speaking in a calm, manly tone. "I have not come on business for Hildreth & Son. I have come on a matter that lies nearer my heart than the bank. I have come to ask you, Mr. Wattleson, for the hand of your younger daughter in marriage."

Mr. Wattleson gazed at the speaker much as if he had said he had come to steal the family plate.

"My—my—daughter? I—surely—I—don't quite understand."

"Amy," said Ellington. "She and I have known each other a long time, and the friendship has ripened into love—a glorious and noble love. I love her, Mr. Wattleson, and will do all that lies in my power to make her happy. I come to you with her consent to ask you for her hand."

Mr. Wattleson looked grave and thoughtful.

"I regret this," he said, in a strained voice. "Of course, you are fully aware that what you ask is impossible. If you did not, Amy did, and should have had reason enough to keep out of such a mess. In fact, her conduct in encouraging you was most disgraceful."

"I—I—beg pardon, Mr. Wattleson," said Ellington. "You can certainly have no fault to find with my character."

"No. From my observation you are a most exemplary young man, but unfortunately one cannot live upon good conduct alone. Are you aware, sir, that the young lady you are thinking of making your wife spends more on her dress than you earn? What then will you eat?"

"Well—"

"Nay, don't seek to argue the question. Your prospects are, to say the least, meager. Amy should know that she is not calculated to be a poor man's wife."

"I hope some day to be something better than a poor man, Mr. Wattleson. I—"

"Enough. You know me well enough to know that I do not deal in futures. What you expect to be cannot enter into our considerations. What you *are*—or, more correctly to say—what you are *not*—that is the question. And it is clear enough to me, and would be to you if you had your senses about you, that you are not in a position to support Amy as she has always been—nay, as she will always insist upon being—supported."

"But she says—"

"Fudge! Don't quote *her*. She is liable to say anything except the truth. Now look here. I tell you squarely and frankly—No. Now let that end it. Discontinue the subject from now on. I shall insist that my daughter drop you from among her associates. Not that I consider you a bad sort of young man, but to keep you both from committing some folly you will regret afterwards."

Ellington attempted to reply, but Mr. Wattleson raised his hand warningly and turned toward the door.

In the hall Ellington turned to him again.

"Then you give me no hope, Mr. Wattleson?"

"None, young man."

"Can I not beg of you to reconsider the decision—to give me a year—to give me an opportunity to show you that I can do something worthy of your consideration. I will work; oh, how I will work!"

"Not a word more. Don't anger me, young man. As it is, I have treated you with kindness. Don't make—"

"Kindness! You call it kindness to refuse to allow me to marry the girl I love!"

"Kindness, sir, in the very truest sense of the word. In a short time you will thank me for it. Look about you. Is there no young woman whose tastes are not so expensive, who would make you a better wife?"

"None could be better. None could be so good."

"Nonsense. Well, I cannot make you see it now, but you will. You don't know Amy. She is as heartless as a clam. You see her pretty, and gay, and think she is all sunshine. I know the other side."

"That will do, Mr. Wattleson. I cannot listen to such talk as that. If you—"

"Come, don't let us part enemies just because I am older and have more sense in this matter than you. I will not judge you harshly. If my influence with Hildreth & Son can ever be of any benefit to you, let me know. But in the one thing I am firm. You can never marry my daughter."

Ellington would have replied, but a lump rose in his throat, and he gulped it down. When he at last found his voice, he was standing alone on the stoop and the door was slammed shut.

With a heart full of bitterness he went home, where his father was waiting impatiently to hear the result of his visit.

Mr. Wattleson, when he returned to the sitting-room, met the inquiring glances of his sister and his two daughters with a calm, flinty face that gave no sign of what had passed, or what was then passing in his mind.

"What was it, James?" asked Mrs. Kent.

"Only a matter of business, a large amount of money I need at once," he answered.

He took up his papers again, and pretended to read them.

Amy fidgeted about for a few minutes, and then, with a very red face, blurted out:

"I know it *wasn't* about money that George Ellington came here."

Helen held up a restraining hand, which was unheeded. Mrs. Kent dropped her sewing and turned toward the angry girl. Mr. Wattleson looked up from his paper.

"Ah!" he said, with sarcasm. "You must

be quite in the confidence of Mr. Ellington, since you know beforehand what he intends to do."

"I know this much," she answered, hotly, "that I love him and have promised to marry him, and he came here to-night to ask your consent. It is not difficult to see that you have refused it."

"You are impudent."

"I don't care if I am! *You* are a tyrant! What have you against George Ellington?"

"Nothing."

"You must have! But I can't see what it is, for he is every inch a gentleman."

"True, I have said nothing contrary. Girl, girl, when will you have sense? You are only nineteen. I shall not consent to a marriage with any one for two years yet. And never with Ellington. You know as well as I do that if you married him you would be the most miserable woman who ever pined for the comforts of wealth. Your attachment for him is but romantic folly."

"Because he is poor, you despise him. *You* were poor at his age."

"True. And my experience teaches me that a poor young man ought never to marry a woman with expensive tastes. At least I will not have one marry my daughter. On that I am, and shall be, firm."

"And I shall be as firm the other way. I tell you now, with or without your consent, I shall marry George Ellington."

The sternness of Mr. Wattleson increased. He turned a pitiless eye upon Amy.

"Then understand me once for all. If you persist in receiving the attentions of this Ellington, you are no longer my daughter. Not one cent of mine shall you inherit unless you obey me in this respect. You think I am hard now, but the day will come when you will thank me for taking this stand. This folly will pass—it must pass."

"But, James, dear," interposed Mrs. Kent, who at heart sympathized with Amy in the matter, "can you not give them a year? Amy is young yet—give them a year and let us see what the young man amounts to."

"That's what *he* said. It must have been well talked over. No, I will not give a year or a day. My mind is made up. I say no, no, NO. If Amy marries George Ellington, aye, if she persists in keeping his attentions, I shall disinherit *her* as I have already threatened the—the other."

He stopped here. He was on a painful subject.

Amy was choked with grief and rage. Yet she was so headstrong that the more she was opposed, the stronger became her determination to marry Ellington. She ejaculated the one word "Monster!" and fled to the privacy of her own room, where she gave way to bitter tears, and registered a vow which, could James Wattleson have heard it, would have opened his eyes to the fact that there were depths to his daughter's nature which he had never yet fathomed, and fires that he never knew were kindled.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. DUMPHREY'S BALL.

Among the intimate friends of the Wattlesons were the Dumphreys. Mrs. Dumphrey was the leader of her social set. Dumphrey was a money-maker, and Mrs. Dumphrey was a money-spender. Neither found fault with the other. Their establishment was the finest on Madison Avenue. Few on Fifth Avenue could equal it.

On the evening after the interview between George Ellington and Mr. Wattleson, Mrs. Dumphrey was to give a great ball.

In Mrs. Dumphrey's set, besides the Wattlesons, were the Hildreths; and George Ellington being well liked by this strong-minded lady of fashion, he, too, found an even footing with others more wealthy. But there were other things, in the estimation of this lady of fashion, that equaled wealth. She liked Ellington for his mental and moral attributes. Another member of Mrs. Dumphrey's set was Mr. Gideon Welles. Fortunately for Mr. Welles's social aspirations, he was a dancing man. It had been unkindly said that were it not for the fact that Mr. Welles was a good man to have around to fill up sets, take out wall-flowers, and to make himself useful and agreeable to the elders, he would not have received so many invitations to balls and lesser social functions. Be that as it may, Gideon had received an invitation to Mrs. Dumphrey's ball, and was going.

Coming so close upon the stormy scene recorded in the last chapter, Amy Wattleson was in a mood for almost anything rather than a ball. After a night spent in weeping, her tear-stained face was not in the most presentable condition. She had a headache and a heartache, and her soul turned sick at the thought of forcing herself to smile and be gay, and talk nonsense with Gideon Welles, flirt with Arthur Hildreth, and all the other things that formerly amused her.

But the invitations had long ago been accepted, Helen and she each had a new gown to wear, and—greatest of all considerations—Ellington would probably be there.

As she thought of once more meeting her forbidden lover she dried her tears, bathed her face in hot water, held it over a steam jet, and gradually scalded the tearstains out of it and brightened her weary eyes. And as she worked, she plotted and planned, and there came into her face a determined look, and her mouth twitched nervously as she prepared the greatest *coup* of her life.

With the assistance of her maid she began preparations for a simple but elegant toilet.

"But," suddenly came the thought, "suppose after the brutal rejection he has received at the hands of papa he did not go. Oh, what a wilderness of woe I should be in! I'll *make* him go."

Forthwith she sat down and wrote to George as follows:

> "MY DARLING: My heart is bleeding. Papa told me all. Don't be discouraged. I love you—I love you—and I will never give you up. We are going to Mrs. Dumphrey's ball. I spent the night crying, and do not feel a bit like going, but I *am going just to see you.* Darling, pluck up courage and come, for I have something to say to you.
>
> "Yours, ever and ever, with love, AMY."

Her maid was at once rushed out to post this, having, like all good maids, sworn secrecy.

It is needless almost to say that George "plucked up courage," if, indeed, he ever lacked it; and when Mrs. Kent, with Helen and Amy, arrived at Mrs. Dumphrey's, Gideon Welles, Hildreth, the young banker, Ellington, Colonel Topleigh and others of the set were already there.

A swift glance of intelligence and sympathy shot from Amy's eyes to Ellington's, which was observed by Mrs. Kent; but that lady, in the goodness of her heart, could not bring herself to forbid her pretty niece the pleasure of being once more—perhaps for the last time—in the company of her handsome lover.

As Helen swept through the large drawing-room, beautiful, peerless and proud, many a head was turned, and many a compliment uttered.

"Quite the queen of the ball," said Gideon Welles to Colonel Topleigh, who had been introducing some people near him. "I fancy old Wattleson won't have much trouble in marrying *her* off."

The Colonel bowed, and looked at the speaker in a way he had that would have abashed any one but Gideon. But Gideon was unabashed.

Mr. Welles knew that Helen was fond of dancing, and as this was Gideon's strong point in society, he made the best of it, and soon had his name down for a number of her favorite dances, for Gideon could make himself very agreeable if he chose; and Helen, who thoroughly detested him, tolerated him because he was the best *dancing* partner in the room.

After a few dances, Amy and George wandered into the great conservatory, which was the pride and boast of the house, and, behind some great orchids, they sat down, free for a time from observation and interruption. When she found herself alone with George, the nerve with which she had so far maintained herself gave way, and she buried her face in his shoulder and rained tears of misery upon his coat.

"Don't cry, darling," he said, soothingly. "It is not all over yet. Our love must find a way to beat down these barriers that have been raised between us, and in final victory our love shall be strengthened and our happiness be all the greater."

"Oh, George, darling," she cried, "I can't stand it! My heart will break. Papa says I must not see you any more. George, George, I love you, and you only! Is there no value set upon true manhood? Is it *all* money, money, money?"

"Money is a necessary commodity, love," said Ellington, bitterly.

"I know it is—a little of it. But is a man's value measured by it alone? My father was poor—poorer than you—at your age. Why is he so cruel now? Love counts for nothing with him."

Ellington stifled a desire to say something bitter, and stroked the brown head that lay on his shoulder.

"We must not give it up, my pet. We must fight it out. Had I any doubt of my ability to take care of you, I would not ask what would then be a sacrifice on your part. But I feel sure of success in the business world. With a loving wife to cheer me and encourage me, my path would be easier and my success more certain."

"And with a little of my father's hoarded gold you could establish yourself, and, with your talents, soon be as rich as he is. But he is so hard and cruel. He won't see anything as I want him to see it. Oh, it's too cruel—too cruel!"

"Yes, dear, it is cruel—as cruel to you as it is to me, for I know you love me. Ah, did I not know that I would bid you obey your father—and forget me—be happy with another; but I can't—I can't—my darling, I cannot let you go! Ah, this is cruel! I am doing wrong. You must obey your father. Darling—I—I—will manage somehow. You must forget me—marry some one—some one—who can make you happier than I."

"George! You'll break my heart. I'll *never* give you up. The entire world is but an empty shell for me without you. Listen, dear. I had a plan. Bend low while I tell you."

Gideon Welles, after the exertion of a waltz, having returned his partner, a fair bud, to her chaperon, wandered alone toward the conservatory, looking for a place to smoke. He met Hildreth coming out.

"Did you ever notice, Hildreth," asked Gideon, "how Amy Wattleson's eyes change color? One time you see her and she will have orbs of fairest blue. At another time she will have dark eyes—almost a gray-black. Queer, eh?"

"I never looked into the young lady's eyes long enough to notice," replied the young banker. "Anyhow, I don't study these details as closely as you do. You always were famous for that."

"By the way, speaking of her eyes," said Gideon, "they are telltale to-night. She has been weeping."

"Pshaw! They are brighter than usual."

"True. Too bright. Unnaturally so. Yet the lids are red on the edges. Her gayety to-night is all forced. And Ellington—have you noticed—his manner seems strained to-night. Something there, Hildreth. *Something there.* Of course, between you and me, Ellington is a good fellow, but not the man for *that* girl. Of course, he wants her money. Can't blame him, can you? But I don't know whether Wattleson is as wealthy as he is reputed to be. You do, of course. It's in your line. No object with me, my boy. Wealth cuts no ice with Gideon Welles. But I *would* like to know about how much the old fellow is worth."

Hildreth did not answer. They had been standing at the door of the conservatory. Mrs. Dumphrey passed, and Hildreth, not sorry to be rid of Welles, at once spoke to her, and accompanied her back to the drawing-room. Gideon, not being above listening to the whispered secrets that are often uttered in a place like that, went on, and his soft, catlike steps gave no warning that he was approaching.

He heard the sound of sobbing behind a bank of great orchids. He paused to listen.

"Oh, dear!" said a choking voice. "It's too mean and cruel. He's a tyrant. Why need I marry a man with money? Papa's rich enough for both. Just think! The stingy old thing has got now in the house over ninety thousand dollars that he drew from Hildreth's bank to-day. Why not—"

The rest was lost in a whisper.

Gideon opened his eyes wide when he heard that. He moved cautiously away, and went back to the dancers.

He was much impressed by what he had heard.

"Ninety thousand dollars—in cash! Now, I wonder what the old codger wants with so much money? Old miser; keeps it in his room, I'll bet! Sleeps on it, perhaps. Ninety thousand! Great Jeewhilikens! One-tenth, Lord, yes, one-twentieth of that would put me on my feet. Ninety thousand dollars! *In cash!*"

The ball in time broke up.

The Wattleson carriage left Mrs. Dumphrey's at half-past two. A few minutes later Ellington, Welles, Hildreth and all the others had gone, each his different way.

At six o'clock the housemaid at Wattleson's, in coming from her room on the top floor, noticed the window in the rear of the hall on the second floor to be open. She looked out—the ends of a ladder could be seen sticking up beyond the roof of the kitchen extension. From this roof to the window was but a step.

"Burglars!" exclaimed the frightened girl.

The room nearest to her was Amy's. She rushed to it and opened the door. Amy was not there. The bed had not been slept in.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the now thoroughly scared servant, and she made for Mrs. Kent's room.

"Wake up, ma'am!" she cried. "Something has gone wrong entirely."

"What's wrong?" asked Mrs. Kent, sitting up in bed.

"Burglars, ma'am, and Amy!"

"Burglars! Amy! Goodness, girl, what do you mean?"

"Amy's gone, window open—ladder, ma'am, ladder!"

"What, under the sun!" exclaimed Mrs. Kent. Jumping up, she hastily threw a wrapper around her and ran to her brother's room.

"Oh, Heaven!" she exclaimed, when she had opened the door.

James Wattleson lay dead on his bed, the white bed-clothes stained with the red blood that oozed from a knife-wound in his heart.

Mrs. Kent was a strong woman. She did not faint. She went to a secretary that stood in the room. A look told her all.

"Murdered and robbed!" she murmured. "Poor James! My poor brother!"

With pale face she looked in Amy's room. As the servant had said, she was not there. Perhaps she had gone to bed with Helen. Mrs. Kent ran to Helen's room. Helen was there, asleep—and alone. Mrs. Kent woke her up.

Then, turning to the servant, she said:

"Go for an officer at once."

Then the poor woman, bewildered, pale, trembling, yet completely mistress of herself, hastened again to her room to dress.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 9.]

THE DARK STRANGER.[*]

BY JOHN R. MUSICK,

Author of "*Mysterious Mr. Howard.*"

["THE DARK STRANGER" was commenced in No. 3. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

[In order that *new* readers of the *Ledger* may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published: The scene of the story is New York, and the time nearly fifty years ago. Robert Morton is a rich merchant and a childless widower. When his nephew, Claude Morton, his only relative and heir, left college he took him into his business house. Claude falls in love with Hallie Tyler, whose father, George Tyler, a former friend of Morton's, had failed in business seven years before and had gone to California to recuperate his health and fortune. Morton objects to Claude's engagement to the daughter of the bankrupt. News comes from California that Tyler has made a fortune, and Morton, about to start on a business trip to that State, tells Claude that if he finds this news to be true he will withdraw his objection to his engagement. Morton finds the news true, and he and Tyler start for New York. On their route they are attacked by robbers, and Tyler is robbed and killed, but Morton escapes. When he reaches New York he is very reticent about the affair, giving but the barest facts in a letter to Hallie, whom he declines to see. He will not speak to any one about the details of the crime, except to his lawyer, Mr. Howells, who also refuses to speak about it. This excites unfavorable comment, and the relations of the lovers become strained because of the suspicion aroused by Morton's conduct. A dark-featured Frenchman named Pierre Le Clerc, from Martinique, West Indies, calls on Morton, who declines to see him, but when Le Clerc sends him a note he is at once admitted. After this Le Clerc has frequent interviews with Morton, at which the latter takes care that the lawyer shall not be present. Claude suspects that Le Clerc is in possession of the facts concerning Tyler's murder, and he has high words with his uncle about his reticence regarding it. His suspicion is confirmed when he discovers that Le Clerc had an interview with Hallie and that his rival for Hallie's hand, Ambrose Fletcher, is on terms of intimacy with Le Clerc. It is ascertained that Le Clerc had a quarrel with Morton and had stated that he would return to Martinique. Claude believes his uncle to be innocent of wrongdoing and Le Clerc to be a villain. When he goes to his uncle's residence, he finds him murdered in his study. He is placed under surveillance, but is led unwittingly out of the way of the detectives by his friend, Tom Coleman. Words spoken by Claude in anger at his uncle's reticence are repeated at the inquest with telling effect by his enemy, Fletcher, and the verdict of the jury declares him to be the murderer. Under pretense of friendship, Fletcher induces Hallie to show him a letter written to her by Claude in which he threatened to do something desperate if the barrier to their marriage by his uncle's silence was not removed. (Claude had in mind going to California with Coleman in making this threat.) Fletcher, seeing the importance of this letter as evidence against Claude, refuses to give it back to Hallie when she, suspecting his purpose, demands its return. While they are contending for possession of the letter, Hallie shouting for help, a carriage stops in front of the house and two bearded men rush into the room and one of them knocks Fletcher down. Hallie recognizes Claude in his disguise and falls fainting into his his arms. Claude and Tom Coleman make their way to a brig, *en route* for California. Tom sees Le Clerc going toward a West India vessel. . . Mr. Howells is dissatisfied with the District Attorney's conduct of the case, and he takes mysterious precautions in searching Morton's papers. . . When the brig reaches Central America, Tom is sure that an officer in search of Claude is on board a schooner which arrived a few hours later, and they hasten to depart. Le Clerc was a passenger on the schooner. On their way across country, the two friends become the guests of General Cartabona, commandant of Castillo Viejo. Doña Teresa Fredrico, who is on a visit to the Castillo, falls into the hands of brigands, and Claude and Tom rescue her. Tom falls in love with Teresa, whose father is a rich merchant of Granada. A large band of brigands is approaching the Castillo, and the leader, named Somoza, demands the surrender of Doña Teresa and the two young Americans. Cartabona refuses, and a fight is imminent.

Tom recognizes Le Clerc in the person of Somoza. After some firing, the brigands withdraw, and, joined by insurrectionists, they advance on Granada, where they are defeated by government troops. Reaching Granada, Tom and Claude (the latter assuming the name of Perkins) are entertained by Don Fredrico, a business friend of Robert Morton's. Claude comes to close quarters with Somoza in a deserted hacienda used by the brigands as a post of observation, and Somoza threatens to deliver Claude to the New York authorities if he will not aid him to rob Fredrico and carry off Teresa. Claude resists and is rescued by soldiers. In crossing Lake Nicaragua, the boat conveying the two friends is attacked by the brigands.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

IF they did not understand Tom's words, his manner conveyed his meaning, and he was thought to be more terrible than Somoza. When the boat closed in, Tom and Claude began the conflict by a discharge from their rifles. Then, seizing their shot-guns, they waited until the robbers had fired a volley at them, and emptied both barrels at once.

By this time the *marineros* had recovered sufficiently to open fire with their *scopats.* The fire was so hot that the robber boat was glad to withdraw out of range of their bullets. Somoza, enraged and amazed at the unexpected resistance, cried:

"We will have them yet, or sink them to the bottom of the lake!"

When the brigands withdrew, the cowardly *marineros* began to boast of what they had done, and would yet do, without considering the dangers to which they were still exposed. Claude, seizing Pedro by the shoulder, shook him until his teeth chattered, and cried:

"Fool! Don't you see they will sink us with their swivel? Put into shore or one of the islands. Change your course and spread all sail."

At this moment a wreath of smoke curled up from the forecastle of the robbers' craft, and a ball from the swivel came skipping

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over the waters and the report of the little cannon rang out on the midnight air.

As the fine spray clipped from the crested waves flew over the bongo, Pedro and his crew became alive to the new danger, and changing the course of *La Granadina* for the nearest point of land, they spread all sail.

The brigands had been severely punished. Three of their number were killed, and nearly four times as many wounded. Unfortunately for their plans of capturing *La Granadina*, their best sailors were disabled. Somoza, who was something of a sailor himself, raved and swore like a madman at the awkwardness of his men, who came near capsizing the craft in trying to round to and start in pursuit.

His other two bongos were lubberly crafts, and unable to keep within range of the fleeing bongo. The swivel was reloaded as they sailed, and again the white wreath of smoke curled from the bow of the pursuer, and a ball dashed in the water about a rod in the stern of the fugitives.

"We are leaving them behind," said Tom, who was watching the effect of the shot.

"Yes. They will hardly reach us now."

"Must put in more powder to do it," said Tom.

The flight was continued nearly all the remainder of the night, and then *La Granadina* came close into shore, the mast was unshipped, and sweeps got out and manned. Their pursuers could be seen far out on the lake, evidently hesitating to make another attack.

Pedro, who was well acquainted with the coast, ran the boat into a narrow stream, which he said they could navigate for many miles. It was quite narrow and the banks low. Feathery palms on each side were interspersed with other varieties of tropical trees and shrubs, some of which were of great size and draped with vines that hung in rich festoons over the water. After going about two miles up the narrow stream, they called a halt, anchored the bongo in the middle of it, and remained on board until morning, expecting an assault from land and water.

When day dawned a brilliant scene presented itself to the travellers. The richest of tropical forests surrounded them. The gayest, brightest flowers, whose perfume filled the air, eternally bloomed in this mild clime. Birds of varied plumage glanced in and out of the forest, and cranes and other water-fowl paced soberly along the sandy banks or flew lazily up the stream. Occasionally a pair of green macaws — the macaw is never seen except in couples— fluttered slowly over their heads, almost deafening them with their discordant notes.

The air was cool and fresh, and reminded them of a June morning in New York. Mists lurked here and there in the beds of the river and in shadowy nooks; but they gradually dispersed as the sun rose; and at eight o'clock, when the boat was moored under the shadow of a gigantic tree, the sun shone brilliantly upon a scene as luxuriant as the imagination can portray. The sailors built a fire, and Tom made coffee, and they ate breakfast, keeping watch by turns for the robbers, from whom an attack was momentarily expected. At ten o'clock, two of the *marineros* were sent down the river to ascertain if the brigands were still at the mouth of the stream, waiting for them to come out into the lake. They returned, and reported that the three boats of Somoza were anchored at the mouth of the stream. After a short consultation it was decided to go still farther up the river, for an attack might be momentarily expected where they were.

As they advanced up the stream the banks became higher, and the water was walled in by a dense forest such as may only be found in tropical regions. To avoid the strong current, the boat was kept close along the shore, and the long vines, loaded with fragrant flowers, trailed over the *chopa* as it passed beneath them. Brilliantly colored birds sparkled in the cool, green coverts, and they saw the ugly iguanas looking curiously down upon them from the projecting branches of trees. Tom declared they were ugly snakes which Dame Nature, after forming the head and tail, had neglected to roll into shape, and gave them four legs as compensation for her oversight. They abound in Central America, and are met in almost every locality. In some places they attain great size. They are of a variety of colors, and the different species, of which there appeared to be several, were distinguished by other peculiarities. Those of smaller size and bright-green color were seen clinging to the little branches of the trees or sunning themselves on every old trunk which projected into the stream. When disturbed, they would dash for the shore with great swiftness, literally walking the water. Their general ugliness is unnecessarily heightened by a kind of crest or integument which runs along the back from the neck to the tail, which is elevated when the animal is frightened or enraged. Tom never overcame his aversion for these walking snakes, as he called them, though they are harmless creatures, and are considered by the natives excellent food.

The bongo again dropped anchor, and the day was passed in anxious waiting and hiding. When evening came, with no sign of Somoza, Claude and Tom held a consultation with Pedro, which resulted in sending two scouts down the river again to reconnoitre. The night was clear and bright, and the full moon shone in splendor on the tropical forest.

About midnight the scouts returned, and said the robbers were advancing up the stream. About twenty were coming in a bongo, and twice as many on either side were marching up by land.

"How much farther can we go up the stream?" Claude asked Pedro.

Pedro informed him that there was a waterfall about seven miles up the river, and that they could not go beyond that.

"Can't we reach San Juan Del Sur by land?"

"Yes; but it's a great distance."

"Great as the distance is, we will have to make it by land. We cannot fight a hundred brigands, and that will be the number we shall have after us. If you know any place where *La Granadina* can be concealed, you may save your bongo; otherwise it will fall into the hands of Somoza and his followers."

There were abundant hiding-places for the bongo. They ran the craft up to the bank on the west side, and with their arms and provisions Tom and Claude went ashore, scaled the steep cliff and waited for Pedro and his crew. After concealing the bongo under some trailing vines, Pedro and his men joined them.

When all were on shore, Pedro was told to lead them by the nearest route to San Juan Del Sur. He took an observation by the stars, and turning his face northwest, told them to follow, and they started. They marched in single file along a narrow path, with Pedro in the lead.

The journey in the bongo, disagreeable as it was, was delightful compared with the march through the wilds of Nicaragua. It was nearly daylight when they called a halt to rest and prepare breakfast of some of the food they had brought with them. Tom and Claude lived chiefly on the wild fruits which grew in abundance in the forest.

The natives would insist on building a fire, though Claude and Tom told them it might lead to their discovery. The sun was some distance in the sky, when they again took up the line of march, and they travelled until it had passed the meridian before they made another halt.

The *marineros* were a lazy set of rascals, and after the first dread of the brigands had passed, began to hang behind. Claude and Tom, who were anxious to get out of the country, became exceedingly impatient with them.

"We'll be overtaken by the brigands yet," Tom declared.

On the third day, just at dawn, the report of a gun on the hill above the camp caused both Tom and Claude to start from their slumber.

"Here, you black rascals!" roared Tom, leveling his rifle on the *marineros*, "if you run I will kill you! Stop! Come back!"

But he might as well have tried to check a cyclone or a stampede of wild cattle. The cowardly *marineros*, frightened out of their wits, were flying for life in every direction. Pedro, the last to leave, shouted in Spanish that he would go and bring them back, and seizing his gun and sword, ran into the forest, where half an hour later he was leading the flight.

Claude and Tom, left to themselves, took shelter behind trees near enough together to support each other. Half a dozen brigands appeared in sight and poured in a volley of bullets which whizzed about them.

"Claude," said Tom, "do you see that big, greasy fellow on the left?"

"Yes."

"Don't harm him. Watch me make him jump."

Tom took aim and fired. The bandit gave a yell of rage and pain, clapped his hand on his hip, staggered to a tree and sat down.

"Think he's sick," said Tom. "I've got a few more pills for others," he added, as he rammed home another bullet. Claude, watching his chance, shot and killed one of the brigands as he came down the hill.

This caused a check, which they took advantage of to retreat. The brigands discovered that they were flying, and being reinforced, plucked up courage to renew the chase. Tom remembered reading, when a boy, that Daniel Boone had learned to load and fire his rifle as he ran, and determined to try the plan himself. He poured the powder in the palm of his hand and ran against a tree and spilled it. He tried it again and again, and at last had to stop long enough to pour it into the muzzle of his gun. His bullets had the "patchen" sewed on them, and he placed one in the muzzle of his gun and rammed it down. He had lost so much time that he was compelled to run at the top of his speed to catch up with Claude. One of the brigands, who had almost overhauled Tom, raised his scopat and fired at him as he ran.

"Confound the rascal, Claude, he burned my shoulder then! Kill him!"

"My gun is empty."

"Mine is loaded, if I only had a cap on it."

"I believe I can get him with my revolver," said Claude.

Claude Morton had an excellent Colt's revolver, and dropping on one knee, took aim and fired.

The fellow tumbled over on his face, and Tom paused long enough to finish loading his rifle. For five or six miles over a wild, broken region of country the Americans were chased. But the brigands came to respect their marksmanship, and kept at a respectful distance. The fugitives always kept one rifle loaded. When one fired he ran ahead, while the other covered his retreat, and their guns being so much superior to the weapons of their pursuers, they were enabled to keep them at a distance.

Claude was some distance ahead, and Tom was behind, with his rifle loaded. Just as Tom reached the crest of a hill, Claude signalled him that his own gun was loaded.

"Now, you old mottle-faced ram!" cried Tom, aiming at a fellow who had sent a ball through his hat, "I will put a hole through your hide for that!"

He brought his gun to his shoulder and fired, and without waiting to see the effect of his shot, wheeled about and ran toward Claude. The forest at this point was very dense, and Tom's companion had disappeared in a wooded ravine. He was flying in the direction Claude had gone, when he heard a voice crying:

"Stop, stranger! Wait, Californian! For Heaven's sake, let me come up with you!"

Tom Coleman was not the least bit inclined to be superstitious, but when he glanced over his shoulder and saw a wild, half-clad figure, with long, flowing beard and hair, and great blazing eyes, pursuing him, he could not repress a yell of horror.

"Claude! Claude! the devil is after me!" he shouted to his friend.

Claude had just ascended a slight elevation, and turned about to defend Tom. He saw that Tom was badly frightened, and waited until he came up to him, and asked:

"What have you seen, Tom?"

"The devil!"

"Where?"

"Right on my heels."

"I see no one."

Tom glanced back in the direction he had come, and could see nothing. Turning to his friend, he said:

"Claude, if I had seen a drop of whisky for a month, I would say that I had had the *delirium tremens.* A something jumped out of the woods and chased me for two hundred yards."

"What was it like?"

"The most terrible, gaunt, hollow-eyed creature I ever saw. It was formed something like a man, with hair and beard a yard long, and was almost naked. The feet and legs to the knees were bare. The body was naked to the waist. And it was as much an animal as a human being."

The fuller details of his horrible pursuer, as sketched to Claude, were enough to fill one with dread of the monster. Claude knew that Tom was both truthful and cool-headed, yet there was something in his story which he could not believe.

"Tom, you have surely lost your senses."

"No, I have not; but if that thing comes at me again, I will."

Their pursuers gradually fell back until they saw and heard no more of them. Tom thought they had abandoned the chase, but Claude, who was more cautious and less hopeful, was certain that they would see them again before many hours. Night found them in a vast strip of lowland near the lake, and Tom declared that he was completely fagged out and must rest. They were surrounded by thickets of cane and mangrove shrubs. The mosquitoes swarmed in clouds about them.

"Great Christopher Columbus!" ejaculated Tom, "we shall be eaten alive, but we must rest somewhere." Claude thought they might venture to build a small fire to smoke the mosquitoes away. Though a fire was risky, after fighting the annoying insects for two hours, they decided to try smoke.

It was Claude's watch. He was sitting on a log, with his back against a tree. The full moon was shining on the forest, and the pale, silver rays falling on the face of his friend who slept on the ground at his feet. Claude's heart was sad. He thought of his once happy life wrecked by the perverseness of his uncle, and the strange mystery that had gathered about him, culminating in his uncle's murder and his own exile. Then the thoughts of the lover gradually wandered to his sweetheart, left in far off New York.

"Does she think of me?" he asked himself. "Oh, Hallie, Hallie, what bitter fruit our love has borne!"

His mind, wearied with dwelling on the sad past, came down to the terrible present. Would they ever succeed in extricating themselves from the labyrinth of forest? Perhaps even at this moment Somoza and his cutthroats were creeping upon them. The very thought seemed to send a cold chill through his veins. He thought the air permeated with a strange, cold, gray mist, and the moon, so bright before, suddenly grown pale. The smoke ascending from their camp-fire assumed weird and fantastic shapes, and he felt a strange awe take possession of his frame. A cold breeze—the very blast of death—seemed at that moment to fan his cheek and make his blood run cold.

The cause of this peculiar phenomenon he never knew. He was not superstitious, yet he seemed instinctively to feel the presence of some being of another world. He gazed about him, but saw no one save his sleeping companion, yet he felt the presence of another. There was some horrible creature behind him, he knew. At last, summoning up courage enough to glance backward, he saw a creature well calculated to fill one with horror and dread.

It was a man, naked to the waist. His hair hung down to his shoulders, his beard came to his waist, and both were streaked with gray. The arms were long and sinewy, and the cheekbones high, the face thin and cadaverous; but the most remarkable part of that face were the great hollow eyes, which seemed staring like the orbs of a demon, wild man or maniac at his camp. Claude gazed at the object, he knew not how long. At last he cocked his rifle, and, bringing it to his shoulder, cried:

"Be you mortal or be you devil, I will make an end of you!" His finger pressed the trigger, the cap exploded with a sharp snap; but the priming had become damp and failed to ignite. The creature, with a fearful shriek, disappeared in the woods, from which came a voice so heart-broken that it went to the heart of Claude.

"What is it, Claude—the devil again?" asked Tom, starting to a sitting posture and looking about.

"I don't know what it is," Claude answered.

Another heart-broken wail came from the wilderness, and then all was still.

CHAPTER XVII.

CALIFORNIA.

Where the gentler undulations of the old mountain, with its yellow creeks, descend into the valley, there stood at the time of our story a small mining town—if one could call that collection of rude houses and log cabins a town. If one journeying to it in the old stage-coach days of California expected to find much of the comforts of civilization, he would have been sadly disappointed. An observant traveller might have found some compensation for his disappointment in the weird aspect of that vicinity. There were huge fissures on the hillside and displacements of the red soil, resembling more the chaos of some primeval elemental upheaval than the work of man; while half-way down, a long flume straddled its narrow body and disproportionate legs over the chasm, like an enormous fossil of some forgotten antediluvian. At every step smaller ditches crossed the road, hiding in their shallow depths unlovely streams that crept away to a clandestine union with the great yellow torrent that roared below.

This was the home of Claude and Tom in California. They had escaped from the forests and dangers of Nicaragua and reached San Juan Del Sur by aid of some muleteers whom they met, and sailed for San Francisco, and we find them in California. The California of half a century ago was quite different from the California of to-day. The 'forty-niner was there with his kind heart, his rough hand, rude speech, boots, whiskers, pistols and bowie-knife.

It was a rude but substantial sort of society in which our two friends found themselves. Auburn had but one public house in which the miners met to gossip, learn the news, drink, dance and gamble. Tom and Claude went there the second evening after their arrival.

"So yer two more suckers come t' git yer eye-teeth cut?" said a great ~~six-foot~~ mi to Tom, taking a seat on the bench at his side.

"We came to dig for gold," Tom answered.

"Wall, a good many come t' do th' same, but fail t' git color in ther pan. Others roll out the dust, an' lose it faster 'n it comes. Ye see, friend," said the 'forty niner, "gold-dust iz like sand, it takes a mighty close fist t' hold it."

"We don't propose to gamble or squander ours, if we get any," Tom answered.

"Wall, pilgrim, that's jist what they all say. Every tenderfoot as comes to this country comes filled with good resolutions, but they don't last long. Soon they give way t' temptation, an' jist go in like all th' others, spendin' their money at poker. Whar 'd ye come from?" asked the miner.

Tom and Claude had had an understanding as to the locality they were to claim they had come from.

"Philadelphia," Tom answered.

"Th' town o' brotherly love. Wall, I'm from Pike County, Missouri, an' yit I've hearn tell o' Philadelphia. What's yer handle? I mean what's yer names?"

"I am Tom Coleman, and my friend is I. S. K. Perkins."

"He's kind a-hoggish with th' alphabet. It won't make no difference here, though. He won't be in this country long afore they strap a new handle onto him, tighter than ye kin sinch a mule. And as fur you, like as not they'll call yer Sweet-Pertater Tom, jist ter shorten yer name a little."

Tom then thought it time that he should know something about his new acquaintance, and asked him what his name was.

"I'm Missouri Jack," he answered with some pride. "Back in old Missouri I was called Jack Hendren, but out here people are pressed too close for time to think of a feller's rale name, an' gin him one easier t' remember. So ye've opened th' Bear River mines?"

"Yes, sir. We have a claim there."

"Hold et down. Don't let any claim-jumper stake yer mine. Let a streak o' daylight through him quicker'n no time ef he does."

"We shall protect our property with our lives," Tom declared.

His new acquaintance invited him to come up to the bar and have a drink. Tom excused himself, and said that he never indulged. Missouri Jack gave him a look of astonishment, as if he was some new species of the *genus homo* whom he had never before met, and exclaimed:

"What, do my ears deceive me? Am I losin' my senses, ur do I ralely hear a mortal bein' refuse whisky? Others hev said the same thing at fust, but they soon git over it."

Finding that he could not induce Tom to take a drink with him, Missouri Jack we over to where Claude was sitting and tried to get up a conversation with him, but Claude was non-communicative. His face had the same habitual sadness it had worn ever since the fearful mystery and fate of his uncle. All efforts to draw him out proving to be in vain, the Missourian went to the bar and called for a glass of whisky, stinging hot, and drained it to the bottom. Being thus refreshed, he went back to Tom and said:

“Say, feller, does that pard o' yourn ever talk?”

“Sometimes.”

“Seems kind o' tired like. May be it's a wearin' that blamed long name. Whut's the fust part o' his 'andle.”

“Isaac.”

“Call him Ike fur short. Ike is shorter and easier t' remember. We've Whisperin' Bob, a Snickerin' Pete, an' we might ez well hev a Sighin' Ike ez not.”

Tom laughed and assured him that he and his friend were willing to adapt themselves to the customs of the country.

Next day the two new miners went to work in the mines. There is no more fascinating occupation than mining. If the mine is rich, the yield may be unexceptionably great, and then mining partakes of all the excitement of gambling.

Tom and Claude, like hundreds of others, worked on and hoped on, day after day and week after week. In miners' parlance, they nearly always “had color in their pan,” but the yield was not such as to make them rich. They saw others haggard-faced, hard-handed, toiling and hoping as they did themselves, and often faring worse; but they never lost hope.

“The Bear River mine will some day yield something,” Tom declared one night, as they sat in their shanty.

With a sigh, Claude answered:

“What difference will it make to me, Tom, whether it yields a fortune or nothing! I have nothing to hope for.”

“Oh, yes, yes, Claude, don't give up that way. Nothing was ever so bad it didn't get right.”

After bowing his head for a moment in his hands, Claude said:

“Tom, I believe I will write to her.”

“Who?”

“Hallie.”

“Don't do it, Claude.”

“Why?”

“Whenever you go to writing you will be sure to be found.”

“Do you think she would betray me?” he asked. “I know she would not. I would risk my life in her hands.”

“Claude, there is no danger of her intentionally betraying you; but her very love for you might get you into trouble. You forget your handwriting is well known in New York. Some one would see the address on the envelope who would recognize the chirography.”

“I must communicate with her some way, Tom.”

“We will think the matter over, and hit upon some plan to do it without involving you in any way.”

Days and months went by until the young miners had been a year and a half in California. Their toil had met a fair reward. Tom had nearly accumulated the required amount of three thousand dollars, and was living in constant hopes of soon having the amount completed.

Claude would have willingly given him his share to have made up the amount, but he nobly refused to receive any aid.

“The money must be earned by my own hands,” he declared. “Then I can go to Don Martin and honestly say I have proven myself worthy to be the husband of your daughter.”

Tom had all this time been in constant communication with Teresa. Their letters were seldom seen by other eyes, but sometimes Tom told bits of gossip gleaned from them. Somoza's uprising had proved an utter failure; but an American named Walker had come to Nicaragua to set up a government, with himself at the head.

The country was even then full of strange stories of Walker. He was finally brought back to California, tried by the United States courts, and acquitted, and came to Auburn, where he established the *Placer County Herald*. He was then between twenty-five and thirty years of age. He was about five feet six or seven inches high, with lean, gray eyes, light, auburn hair, high cheekbones, and kept his face clean-shaven. He was rather slow of speech, and had an appearance of cold-blooded determination rather than adventurous enthusiasm. Claude and Tom, on first meeting this ordinary-looking country editor, little dreamed that he would have such a marvelous influence on their after lives.

As has been stated, Claude and Tom had been a year and a half in California, and Claude had not yet communicated with any one in New York. His anxiety to hear something from Hallie, or from some one who knew her, increased rather than diminished with time, and he resolved to communicate in some way, even at the risk of being arrested and taken back.

Tom, having no relations in the city, had had no communication with any one there since he left. He had an aunt in Ohio, from whom he received a letter about once in six months; but she, of course, knew nothing of the people of New York.

“Tom, I am going to brave all dangers and write to Hallie,” Claude declared, after an absence of eighteen months. “I must hear from her. She must know that I am still living, and that she is never out of my mind.”

“Claude, do you just want to hear from her?” asked Tom. “Suppose we could hear from her without the danger of communicating yourself, would that answer?”

“Perhaps.”

“I have a scheme that will work.”

“What is it?”

“I will write to her myself.”

“You?”

“Yes. I will write and tell her that you are alive. That I saw you in Central America—and perhaps you are there yet. I will tell her that you made me promise to write to her, to tell her that you were innocent of the crime of which you were charged, and that your love for her has never changed.”

Claude consented that such a letter might be written, and Tom proceeded to the task. Half a dozen were written and destroyed before he got one suitable to submit to his friend. At last, however, he had one he was willing for Claude to pass judgment on. The lover made several corrections and the letter was prepared and sent. They little dreamed the mischief that letter would make, or they would both have been burned at the stake before they would have sent it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISSOURI JACK'S STORY.

One night, in the early part of 1855, Tom was awakened from a sound sleep by hearing some one stealthily moving about in the part of the shanty where he slept.

“Who is that?” he asked.

There was no answer save a crash as a stool was overturned, in the evident haste of some person to get away.

“Stop and tell me who you are, or by thunder I will stop you!” cried Tom, snatching his revolver from under his pillow.

It was quite dark in the board shanty, and he could see no one, but that some person or animal was trying to escape, there was no question. For fear that it was his partner, he called:

“Claude! Claude!”

“What is the matter?” answered Claude, from the other apartment of the shanty.

“Here is a thief!”

“Shoot him!”

Crack went Tom's revolver, but he fired too late. The burglar found the window, leaped from it and escaped. Tom sprang to his feet and lighted a candle. By this time, Claude, half dressed and with pistol in hand, was in his apartment.

“Did you shoot him?” he asked.

“No. He got away.”

“Did he get anything?”

Tom turned down his pillow and gave a yell of rage, grief and astonishment. The buckskin bag, which contained the slow accumulations of gold dust, and which had almost reached the required amount, was gone. The young miner turned his face expressive of agony and despair on his companion, and groaned:

“Oh, Heaven, Claude, I am robbed! Every ounce of dust is gone, and I had nearly three thousand dollars' worth!”

“Let us make a search, Tom. We may find him; we may find him yet!”

“Yes, I will find the devil and cut his throat!” roared Tom.

With the vision of his lost Teresa more in mind than his gold, Tom leaped through the window and stumbled over wheelbarrows, picks and pans, until he almost broke his neck over a flume, and lay stunned for several moments in the yellow mud.

Claude, with revolver in one hand and torch in the other, went to his friend, and they pursued the search for the robber in a more rational manner. The whole camp was roused, and a dangerous lot of men, under the redoubtable Missouri Jack, turned out to hunt down the robber, who would have fared badly had he been caught.

It was daylight when Claude and Tom returned to their shanty. Tom sank, despondently and almost broken-hearted, on a camp-stool.

“Never mind, Tom,” said Claude, “you shall not suffer on account of the robbery. I know that you expected soon to go and marry Teresa, and that it is your sweetheart you are lamenting more than the loss of your gold. I will give you my share, and together we can soon dig enough to make up the three thousand dollars.”

Tom slowly and sadly shook his head and answered:

“No, Claude, that won't do.”

“I will lend it to you, and you can pay me back.”

“I can't do that. I don't want to win a wife on borrowed capital. I don't want to leave her and come back here to dig gold; and you know that I could never think of bringing her here.”

“Then what will you do?”

“The mine grows better every day, and I will write to her, tell her of my misfortune, and assure her that we will only have to wait a little longer and all will be right yet.”

Claude then suggested that as they were partners, he should share half the loss; but Tom was too honorable to permit that. They had struck a dividend, and as the dust stolen was his individual property, he would not consent to his friend's losing anything by the burglary. What puzzled Tom most was that the gold dust should have been taken from under his pillow while he slept. Tom was not a heavy sleeper, and he never dreamed that any one could enter the apartment without awaking him. But in this instance the burglar had not only entered the apartment, but had taken the buckskin bag from under his head, and would have escaped from the house without awaking him had he not stumbled over the stool. Claude suggested that perhaps chloroform or some narcotic had been used by the thief.

After a few weeks the ripple of excitement occasioned by the robbery had partially subsided, and no one scarcely mentioned the affair. Claude was at the shanty, reading a book he had borrowed, and Tom had gone to the post-office, expecting a letter from Teresa. The stage which carried the mail did not reach the village until long after dark, and Tom, having received a note two days before to call at the office of General Walker, thought he would go and make the call before the stage arrived.

The General was not in, and as Tom was going from the building he saw a tall stranger walking down the narrow corridor. There was something in his form, air or manner, he could not say which, strangely familiar to the miner, and he thought:

“I have seen that fellow before, but when and where?”

By taking a few swift steps he was at his side. It was too dark in the corridor for him to make out the man's face, but the moment they came out on the long porch in front of the building, and the faint glow from the stars fell on the swarthy features, he recognized the dark stranger.

“What! You here?” he cried. “Le Clerc—Somoza—”

Before he could finish the sentence or recover from his astonishment he was struck a blow in the face, which blinded him and sent him reeling against the rail. Tom recovered almost instantly, and with drawn revolver pursued Somoza, but never came in sight of him again. He made diligent inquiry for him, but all in vain. If it had not been for the bruised spot over his eye he would almost have believed he had never seen any one. Tom at last gave over the search, and, after a visit to the post-office, returned to the shanty.

“I have seen him again, Claude!” he declared, on entering the presence of his companion.

“Whom?” Claude asked, in amazement.

“The dark stranger—the Frenchman from Martinique—Somoza—the devil, for aught I know!”

“Impossible!” cried Claude, incredulously.

“Just what you said when I told you I saw him on the New York dock. Just what you said at San Juan and at El Castillo Viejo; but it proved to be him all the same. I tell you, Claude, if ever I saw the dark stranger in my life I saw him to-night.”

“Where?”

“In the building of General Walker.”

“Perhaps he was hired to assassinate the General.”

“Such a thing is possible. Walker must have many enemies in Nicaragua, and some of them may have hired this bold robber to come here and put him out of the way. What are we to do about it?”

“Warn the General at once.”

“I will do it the first thing in the morning.”

“That may be too late. Let us go and do it now.”

“Just as you say. We will go.”

They left their shanty and hurried to the village, where they found Walker in his room at the hotel. Though the General was alone, it was some time before they could gain admission to him. He was seated at a table, and on the floor at his side were some maps, one of which Claude was sure was a map of Nicaragua. The General's face wore a serene and even indifferent look. Claude and Tom had decided not to give the name of the man who had been seen about the house; so they simply said that a dark stranger, of very suspicious manners, had been seen near his office, and they feared he might be an assassin. As the General had recently been in Nicaragua, possibly this dark-skinned man might be some enemy from that country, come to take his life.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 9.]

IN SEARCH OF GOLD.*

BY COLIN MIDDLETON,

Author of “The Fool of Destiny,” “Innes of Blairavon,” etc.

[“IN SEARCH OF GOLD” was commenced in No. 52. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XVIII.

WORK IN EARNEST AT LAST.

IVOR and Beausire had spent most of their remaining money in providing themselves with a tent, picks, spades, cooking utensils, and it was with light hearts that they pitched their tent close down on the bank of the Loddon, some ten miles out from Vaughan.

It was a lonely spot. They had purposely passed some distance beyond the last signs of worked-out claims, in order to avoid as much as possible all contact with the casual miner and the ubiquitous Chinaman.

All around them the gum-trees crowded in, the only open spaces being along the banks of the stream, and where narrow creeks had swept away—in time of spate—the trees that had clothed their banks. By the time that their tent was pitched and they had prepared their frugal evening meal, the night had shut down, and the soothing hum of the insects had ceased. They sat together outside their tent, silently smoking. Despite their excitement, they were overawed by the deathlike stillness of the night, that numbing silence of an Australian forest just after nightfall, which, until one has grown accustomed to it, makes one glad to have a companion at one's side.

The air was absolutely still; no breeze stirred the leaves up to sing their low whispered lullaby, and the darkness was palpable. Ivor and Beausire smoked on until a rabbit, hopping about under the trees, made them both start nervously, as it trod on and broke a dry twig.

They both laughed, and the silence having thus been broken, they began to talk.

“This is at last a new experience,” said Ivor. “Have you ever been affected before by the feeling which this grave-like silence produces?”

“Not I. It strikes me as being rather uncanny. I am glad that rabbit wakened us up; I was becoming afraid to speak, and was getting into a state of nerves because you wouldn't.”

“I have been feeling creepy, too. What a strange, silent land this is compared to England. They will breed poets here later on when the country has finally emerged from the uneasy excitement of being new—when there is no longer any possibility of further discoveries of gold or silver to drive the people mad.”

“Please don't begin to talk seriously, Ivor. I daresay all that you say is quite true, and I am sure I hope that every one will take to writing poetry if only they will leave us to find gold.”

“You are a matter-of-fact old fool,” said Ivor.

“Then you are to blame for it; for you take everything so confoundedly seriously. I don't believe you have any sense of humor in you at all.”

“If I ever had, these ten months on Hog Island were enough to deprive any man of it.”

“On the contrary, that's just the place where a man with a sense of humor is in his element. Do you mean to tell me that you got no amusement out of the antics of Anatole?”

“I felt that a too heavy responsibility lay on me.”

“Ah, yes,” answered Beausire. “Do you know, old cock, I am very glad I met you on the way out to Africa. If I hadn't, I think that I should probably have gone utterly to the deuce; and now, somehow or other, I think there is just a chance of my turning out a respectable member of society; and you are to blame for it. I must say that I take it as a personal insult that you would not allow me to become a blackguard in my own way, and if ever I get away from Australia and go home—rich, respectable and presentable—my family won't own me. You see they are not accustomed to that sort of person in our family.”

Ivor laughed as he answered: “I am very glad, too, we met, Beausire; I tell you frankly I was sorry at first, but I am uncommonly glad now. I should have been in a nice hole if it hadn't been for you.”

Ivor meant what he said; he was now thoroughly glad that he had Beausire as a companion and partner. He now knew that Beausire had crossed that Rubicon which flows between the lands of Right and Wrong, and he had gone over the right bridge. He was now perfectly delighted with his companionship, and felt that, far from being a hindrance to his making a fortune, Beausire would aid him to that end as well, if not better, than any one else.

After smoking for some time in silence, Ivor rose and offered his hand to Beausire, who grasped it warmly, and then went to bed.

Beausire understood well the significance of the fact that Ivor had offered him his hand. The English are a cold-blooded, undemonstrative race, and, as was only natural—from their point of view—Ivor and Beausire had only shaken hands but once since Ivor's imprisonment at Kimberley.

With the dawn Ivor and Beausire started out on their quest for gold. Both were in a state of suppressed excitement which made conversation impossible. There was a great charm in looking for gold, knowing that everything depended on their own efforts and on chance. It was very certain that their powers would be exerted to the utmost when the deadening effect of a fixed salary was absent.

They selected what to them seemed a likely spot, and began their work. They took it in turns to dig and wash the soil, and they worked without ceasing until the sun had crossed the meridian, with absolutely no result. Each time that the earth had all been washed through the cradle they looked with eager eyes to find that sediment of gold which never came.

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So they worked all day and came back at night with empty hands, but in no way dispirited. They were so tired that the necessity for eating became almost a nuisance.

After they had finished their meal, they lay stretched at full length outside their tent and smoked. For long the silence was unbroken. At length Ivor said:

"Well, Beausire, we could hardly expect to make our fortune in one day."

"Not quite," answered Beausire, as he blew a great cloud of smoke up into the still night air. "I think that the soil we tried to-day was a little too clayey. Perhaps we ought to make for lighter soil. I have always been told that for this surface mining light soil is the best."

"I daresay you are right. We are not bound, at any rate, to stick to one spot. We have got lots of room between here and the desert to try our luck."

"Oh, Lord, I am tired," yawned Beausire.

"That will soon wear off," said Ivor, with a laugh.

"What do you intend to do, Ivor, if we make a moderate sum at this surface-mining?"

"Go in for shaft-mining—if we can come across a reef anywhere worth working."

"But that would practically mean that we should have to stay here all our lives."

"Not a bit of it. If we can find a reef worth anything, and get some fair specimens of gold out of it, we shall have no difficulty in disposing of it if we want to."

"Well, I hope it won't be very long. Anyhow, I don't mean to imply that I see any prospect of my getting tired of this in the immediate future, but I daresay the devil will arise in me some time or other, and I shall begin to hanker after civilization again."

"You had better make some money first in order to be able to enjoy civilization when you do get back to it."

"Yes, so I suppose. I think I shall try enjoying myself on a new plan, too, when I do have a chance again. It strikes me that mere raking is a poor form of sport."

"There I agree with you entirely. Come on, old chap, let's turn in."

"All right. Let's hope for better luck to-morrow."

There was no better luck on the morrow in spite of Beausire's fervent wish for its arrival. Nor, indeed, did the next day or the next bring them any nearer to the longed-for wealth. It was some weeks before they even saw gold at all.

In the meanwhile, Ivor found his life very hard to bear without the certain hope of winning Gwen. He had written to her from Castlemaine—after having decided not to cable her—a long account of his shipwreck and subsequent rescue. He had said that he was afraid he must be destined to be dogged by ill-luck, since he could not even get an opportunity of trying to make that fortune for which he was so eagerly anxious. There was a tone not so much of complaint as of sadness in the letter, which made Gwen's eyes fill with tears when she read it. It also made her determine on a step of which she had been thinking ever since her father died. Some six months previously Mr. Llewellyn had gone quietly to his grave, and had left Gwen mistress of Glanwythian and about a thousand pounds or so a year.

Ivor's silence had at first surprised her, and had then annoyed her. It was not kind of him. There was no misunderstanding between them. In their inmost heart each knew that they loved the other, but modesty forbade Gwen from openly acknowledging the fact to Ivor, and Ivor's poverty—quite wrongly—made him think that he had no right to bind her by a promise of marriage.

In fact, so long as Mr. Llewellyn should live, at least, it would be merely absurd to suggest anything of the sort, for they were both quite impecunious.

This was the real state of matters. Ivor, despite the fancied coldness of Gwen's last letter—fancies which always trouble a lover's heart and serve to keep him ardent—could not bring himself to believe altogether that Gwen did not love him. He was sufficiently well aware of his own deficiencies to think that if Gwen were to consent to marry him, it would be an act of condescension on her part, and yet they were surely made for each other.

In three months, at any rate, he could hope for an answer from her, and then he should know his fate; for during these long months of silence she would have been able definitely to make up her mind.

So Ivor toiled on, and by the end of three months no letter had come, and Ivor and Beausire found that it was all they could do to keep body and soul together.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE VERGE OF STARVATION.

The two partners had worked on uncomplainingly side by side for more than four months and were at their wits' end. They had no money left, and had found no gold at all for a fortnight. Their stock of provisions was at an exceedingly low ebb, and their clothes were worn out and torn.

It was a Sunday morning, and Ivor, as usual, was going to walk in to Vaughan to see if any letter had arrived for him.

"Will you come, Beausire?"

"No, thanks, old chap. I don't care much to parade our failure more than necessary by appearing in these rags. I shall sit under the trees and smoke until you come back. Back about four, I suppose?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Ivor, going as he said it into the tent and wrapping up a sandwich—consisting of two thick slices of stale bread, with a slab of cold salt pork in between—for his dinner.

They did not talk much in these days. During the day they worked stolidly on, with that fierce, impetuous eagerness which only those know who are fighting against despair.

Ivor walked into Vaughan, and asked in his usual way for letters—as usual, not expecting any.

One, edged deeply with black and addressed in Gwen's well-known writing, was handed to him. Ivor knew what news it contained before he tore open the envelope. He was almost half way back to the camp, when he sat down on the trunk of an uprooted tree and opened the letter.

It was very short. She would have written before, but Ivor's letter had arrived when she was in the midst of business resultant on her father's death. His long and trying illness had worn her out, and she thought of going abroad. The letter ended thus:

"I thought that you had forgotten me; but your letter showed me that you were not to blame. I hardly know whether to be more glad at your escape or sorry for your disaster. You seem to be destined to bad luck."

Ivor sighed deeply as he folded the letter and put it into his coat-pocket.

"'You seem destined to bad luck,'" he repeated to himself. "Gwen has exactly hit it. I am destined to bad luck."

He sat for quite an hour on the log, and ate his far from tempting dinner in a pensive manner. Then he lit his pipe and strolled slowly back toward the camp.

Gwen was not yet married, that was quite certain, nor, indeed, could she be thinking of marrying just yet, for she announced her intention of going abroad.

To Ivor's obscured mental vision the fact of her father's death had placed a still wider gulf than previously between them. Gwen was an heiress now, and he—well, not very far removed from being a pauper.

Beausire saw, when Ivor approached the camp, that something had happened, but was well-bred enough to allow Ivor to tell his own story if he wished.

They were more than usually silent after their never-varying supper of tea and damper. At last Beausire rose from the ground on which he was reclining and knocked the "doddle" out of his pipe, and, putting his hand on Ivor's shoulder, said:

"Come, Ivor, old boy, let's turn in."

Ivor looked up and saw Beausire's eyes fixed upon him very kindly. His own eyes filled with tears as he said:

"Beausire, you are a good soul. I have lost a very dear old friend."

They then went, without another word, to bed. On the following morning they began again that search for gold which promised to lure them to starvation in the bush.

For about a fortnight they had been sinking a hole about a quarter of a mile from the camp, where a month or two before they had found a little surface gold.

They took it in turns to dislodge and shovel out the soil and to wash it in the cradle at the creek which ran close past them.

At midday they knocked off work, without having washed any signs of gold at all.

As they were eating their cold pork, Beausire said:

"This is getting really serious, Ivor. How long can we exist if we wash no more gold?"

"I should think that we might pull through for just about another week, and after that—"

"Well, after that?" asked Beausire, as Ivor paused.

"That is just what I don't know."

"We might go to see old Courtenay."

"I think that's about the best thing we could do. He has proved himself to be that *rara avis*—a true prophet. We hardly thought it would come to this, old man, did we?"

"Not exactly."

"I feel more or less to blame for having brought you into it."

"Ivor, don't be a fool. I am of age, and up till now I have enjoyed myself well enough here."

"It will be rather ignominious to go back to Courtenay and tell him we have failed."

"Not in the least. We have done our best. There is nothing disgraceful in it; we have simply had bad luck; besides, we haven't failed yet. You say we can last out another week. Who knows? In that time the luck may turn. We have been expecting it for all these months, and it hasn't come. Nothing ever does come when it is expected; it wouldn't be worth having if it did. Let us work on here until we are absolutely starved out, and then we can go to old Courtenay to ask him to put us in the way of earning a respectable living."

"I suppose that is the best thing to do under the circumstances."

"Of course it is. We are gentlemen, and he knows it. He will know perfectly well that we don't come to beg of him."

So they settled the matter to the satisfaction, at any rate, of one of them. Ivor, for some inexplicable reason, felt that he would be in some way degrading himself by going to Courtenay, but having nothing else to suggest, was fain to fall in with Beausire's suggestion.

It was on Monday night when the conversation had taken place.

All through Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday they worked with that dogged determination which marks the Englishman the world over.

Not one solitary grain of gold did they see during that time. As they were coming home that night from their work Beausire quite suddenly broke into a roar of mocking laughter.

"Doesn't it strike you as humorous, Ivor?"

Ivor was bound to confess it did not strike him in that light.

"No, of course it doesn't, old chap. I never met a man so absolutely destitute of humor as you; but I can't help laughing. Here we have been digging away at a hole in the ground for three blessed weeks, and washing the earth as carefully as though it was a new-born babe—simple earth, mere soil worth about a penny a ton; it is not as if we were going to do anything with it; we ain't—we simply ladle it out and wash it," and he burst into another roar of laughter.

Ivor was afraid that Beausire was going off his head, and said, in a tone of anxiety:

"I am afraid you have got a touch of the sun, Beausire."

Ivor's grave face and his solicitude for him made Beausire worse, and he was compelled to sit down on the ground and hold his sides as he rolled about in a paroxysm of laughter.

When he at last found breath, he gasped out:

"Oh, dear—oh, dear! For Heaven's sake don't look so serious, Ivor, or you will kill me! I never did see a man like you anywhere."

Ivor, now convinced that Beausire was all right, laughed too in a half-hearted way, and said: "I am very glad to see you laugh, under the circumstances; but I'm hanged if I see anything to laugh at."

"You wouldn't, old chap. I didn't expect you to. Come on, let's get back to the tent and cold salt pork. Lord, I am sick enough of that, anyhow."

All through that evening Beausire continued to explode with laughter at intervals, until Ivor began to be annoyed with him.

"My dear Ivor," said Beausire at last, "I can't help it. It is very lucky that I can see the humorous side of it, for if I took everything so uncommonly seriously as you do we should have been bored to death weeks ago."

"Yes, I daresay; but I don't see any light forward."

"Bah! what rot you are talking. Life doesn't end at twenty-five. For most men it doesn't begin until after thirty. Suppose we *do* make a fiasco of this, it isn't our first, and we have all the world before us—nothing to lose—at least, I haven't—and everything to win."

Ivor sighed for answer, and Beausire looked at him critically, and said:

"I believe you are in love, old chap."

Ivor colored slightly, and Beausire got up from the ground where he was sitting, and said, in a tone of concern:

"By gad! I am sorry; so that has been the cause of all your seriousness. Cheer up, Ivor, we'll make our fortunes yet, and I will be your best man before a couple of years are out."

"I sincerely hope you may," said Ivor, with a smile. He then gave Beausire a general outline of his position with regard to Gwen, a narrative to which Beausire listened with the utmost attention.

"You are a very sensitive person, Ivor. Just fancy our having been together all this time and you never having mentioned a word about it."

"I didn't think you would appreciate it when we first met, and I have always put off telling you for the last six months."

"You are right there. I don't think I was a fit receptacle for love confidences eighteen months ago. I hope you can trust me now, old fellow, though."

"Anywhere, with anything," answered Ivor, earnestly; and they rose and went to bed.

The following day they worked as usual until midday, and, as usual, had washed no gold.

"To-morrow we must have a final try somewhere," said Beausire. "Since what you told me last night, I feel that we must make money somehow at this game. I think we shall have given this confounded hole a fair trial by to-night."

"Yes, in fairness to ourselves, I vote for a new place to-morrow. We shall only be able to give to-morrow and Monday to it if we wash no gold. We cannot possibly last past Monday."

"That is so, I suppose," said Beausire, meditatively, as he puffed slowly at his pipe.

"Come on," said Ivor, after about half an hour's silence, during which they had smoked thoughtfully; "let us give this beastly place the best of its chance."

Beausire rose and descended the now fairly deep hole, and the monotonous work began. Beausire picked and shoveled with heroic energy, while Ivor, in a preoccupied frame of mind, washed the earth mechanically. The cradle seemed to work automatically under his now practiced hand.

It must have been four o'clock in the afternoon when Ivor was awakened from his reverie by the sound of the pick striking against something hard, followed by an ejaculation from Beausire. Ivor continued to rock the cradle to and fro, and the pick again descended, this time with a dull sound. Again there was an ejaculation from Beausire, and the sound of the picking ceased for a time. Ivor still rocked the cradle to and fro, and suddenly the picking began again with redoubled vigor. After a few strokes Ivor again heard the sound of the pick striking something hard, followed this time by an oath.

"He must have come to a bed of rock," thought Ivor to himself, and rocked the cradle.

Again the picking began vigorously. Beausire took some twenty strokes before the same sharp, hard sound struck Ivor's ear once more.

There was a roar from the hole, whether of pain or joy Ivor could not determine; but he dropped the handle of the cradle and ran to the edge of the hole to see Beausire scrambling out as fast as he could.

"What is it?" asked Ivor, anxiously.

"Come on!" roared Beausire, as he scrambled out, and pushing Ivor aside, began to run as fast as he could toward the bush.

Ivor, thinking that he must have got a sunstroke, ran after him.

Beausire ran in a straight line from the pit, looking back every now and then, and shouting to Ivor to "come on."

Ivor, who was only about five yards behind him, did his best to "come on," but Beausire seemed to be possessed of a devil and ran like the wind. He ran in a perfectly straight line through the bush for some three hundred yards, and then, with a shriek, dropped on to the ground beside some gleaming white rock.

Ivor, who had lost ground in the last two hundred yards, came up panting, thinking that Beausire had dropped in a fit.

To his amazement, he found him fondling the rock and laughing foolishly.

"What is the matter, Beausire?" gasped Ivor. "Shall I get some water?"

Beausire looked up and laughed, as he shouted, at the pitch of his voice:

"Asses, mules, idiots! Oh, Ivor, I could kick myself for a fool!"

"For Heaven's sake, Beausire, what is it?"

"Do you see that, you old mole?" said Beausire, as he dashed his fist down on to the rock which he appeared to be embracing. "That—that—that!" he cried again, pounding the rock till the blood spurted from his hand.

"Well?"

"Well, it is quartz—a quartz reef! This is the outcrop of one of the richest quartz reefs in the world, and here have we been fuddling and fooling away washing that darned soil while a fortune has been lying at our feet."

Beausire yelled this out at the pitch of his voice.

"How do you know?" asked Ivor.

"How do I know? Oh, Ivor, you are an old fool! Come on back to that confounded hole with me."

They hurried back and descended together. Beausire was now in a state of suppressed excitement which made his face twitch nervously.

He took up the pick and examined the point carefully. He then grunted and began to pick gingerly at the soil. Then he shoveled away the soil and laid bare the quartz.

Ivor strained his eyes, but saw nothing but the gleaming quartz.

"I see nothing," said he to Beausire.

"Hush!" whispered Beausire, from whose forehead the sweat was pouring in streams. His hands shook so that the shovel which he was holding rattled against his boots. He went down on his knees and brushed away the soil with his hands, and after a few moments grunted again. He then took up the pick and aimed very carefully at a particular spot in the quartz. The pick went in with a dull sound and remained.

"There!" said Beausire, in a low voice, as he wiped the sweat away from his brow.

"What is it?" asked Ivor.

"Gold—pure gold," answered Beausire, in a reverent whisper.

"But I don't see it."

For answer, Beausire tried to pull out the pick, but finding it too firmly embedded, he wrenched it away sideways, and on the end a jagged piece of quartz and gold remained.

"There!" he said to Ivor, in the same reverent whisper. "Do you see that? There's more gold than quartz! Now I have never heard of anything like this in the whole history of gold-mining. This little bit here is crammed full of gold, and I expect the whole reef is the same."

"But why did you run up into the bush?"

"Because after I had struck the quartz I found which way the reef ran, and I saw the up-trend was in that direction, and I knew that it couldn't be far off, because this part of the reef is so near the surface."

"But do you think that it is likely the whole reef will be as productive?"

"Likely! All I know is that if we put that sample on the Melbourne market, the shares in this mine, if there were any, would go up to Heaven knows where."

Ivor laughed a low, soft laugh—the confident laugh of a man who sees his aim accomplished.

"Then we are rich," he said.

"We shall be, if we can only manage to get our little scheme carried through before it gets blown upon."

"What do you mean?"

"We must get two claims marked out provisionally, and find out how much more we can acquire as soon as possible, and then we must get hold of some machinery somehow."

"How are we to manage that?"

"Go to Courtenay."

Ivor thought for a few moments before he answered.

"I suppose you are right. So it is Courtenay, after all."

How different were their feelings as they smoked their pipes that night! Ivor had been smitten with the gold-fever, and visions of vast wealth arose before him; castles in Spain, which promised to become realities, and all these dreams were dominated by the vision of Gwen—the imperial, stately mistress of it all.

On the following morning, after having pegged out provisionally two claims, they walked into Vaughan and took the train to Castlemaine. They called on old Courtenay, and were told that he was having his lunch at the hotel. They walked there, and on going up into the veranda were greeted, to their amazement, by Anatole.

Anatole would have kissed them if they had allowed him, but being denied this, he contented himself with shouting for Lola.

Lola, dressed in a white muslin frock, and wearing a white rose in her hair, came languidly from an inner room; on seeing who her visitors were, she smiled her old smile, and welcomed them with all the cordiality of which she was capable.

"How is it, then?" said Beausire in French to Anatole—"is it that you are the proprietor of this establishment?"

"*Mais non, monsieur.* I am ze managère." He then proceeded to inform them that he had had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the proprietor through an advertisement, and that the proprietor had expressed himself satisfied with Anatole's qualifications. They had been there a month, and the custom had increased enormously—"chiefly owing to Lola's attractions," he added, with a sigh.

"I see nothing to sigh about," said Beausire; to which Anatole offered no reply save a shrug of the shoulders.

"But we want to see Mr. Courtenay," said Ivor. "He is lunching here."

"Ah, yes; come wiz me;" and Anatole led them into a private room, where old Courtenay was lunching in solitude. He rose, and greeted them warmly.

"Well, my young friends, how are you? Made your fortunes yet? I must say, you don't look like it," he added, glancing at their clothes.

Ivor laughed in a way which showed the old man that he had something to tell, and Courtenay said:

"Out with it! You have something on your mind, young man; I can see that in your eye. You haven't come to tell me that you can go no more. I have too much experience of good and bad news not to know the signs by this time."

In as few words as possible, Ivor told him the story of their discovery. When it was finished, Courtenay called for his bill, and they left the hotel, promising Anatole unlimited custom in the future.

"Come on," said Courtenay; "we have just time to catch the train to Vaughan. You will have to put me up to-night."

"Rough quarters, Mr. Courtenay," said Ivor.

"I'm accustomed to them. Been in worse quarters than you have, perhaps."

Courtenay had decided instantly to come and see this wonderful find of Ivor and Beausire as soon as he had heard their description of it. On the way down in the train he turned to Ivor, and said:

"By the way, did I see you in Castlemaine about ten days ago?"

"No," said Ivor. "I haven't been there since I saw you last."

"H'm! I must have been mistaken. I thought it was you, and that you were too proud to take notice of me."

They drove from Vaughan out to the camp, and an hour after they arrived, Courtenay said, as he stood at the side of the hole at which they had worked so assiduously:

"Well, gentlemen, I congratulate you. There is no doubt here. I am not a very rich man, but I make this proposition to you. You will want very little machinery, except a crushing machine to start with. This reef will be very easily worked for a year or two. I will supply all the necessary machinery and appliances out of my own pocket to start the mine, on condition that I have one-fifth share of the profits. When further machinery is required for more extensive operations, we will share the cost of them in the proportion of one-fifth to four-fifths. I shall not expect to be repaid my original outlay, as I shall consider that a very moderate sum to pay for coming into the concern. If you agree, there is my hand, and we'll get the articles drawn up and ratified as soon as possible. If not—well, I have nothing to say in the matter, for it is your discovery."

Ivor held out his hand and said:

"I think your proposition a very generous one, Mr. Courtenay, and I for one agree."

"And I, too," said Beausire.

"Very well, gentlemen, we are partners, and I don't think you'll regret having taken on the junior. I must get back to Vaughan and get these claims recognized. What we have pegged out already, together with my claim, will do for us, I think."

Ivor accompanied the old man half-way back to Vaughan, and then came back to sleep and dream of Gwen.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 9.]

WILLFUL PENELOPE.*

BY EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS,

Author of "A Conqueror of Fate," "Little Kit," "At a Great Cost."

["WILLFUL PENELOPE" was commenced in No. 48. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XXV.

DOCTOR WESTALL'S theory that Denis Latimar was ignorant of his wife's decision to attend the ——shire hunt ball was perfectly correct.

Denis, in fact, knew very few of Marcia's decisions while they were in the course of being determined in her mind. They were generally conveyed to him by some third person, or else shot at him in a sort of defiant manner at a moment when an appeal of common sense or any such argument was absolutely futile.

Thus it was with their visit to Lady Susan Verschoyle. In a casual way, a week or so before, when there had been a small dinner party at the Court, composed of one or two hunting men, who gladly accepted Latimar's hospitality for a run now and then with the Latimar hounds, the subject of the ——shire hunt ball had been introduced, and Marcia had been asked if she intended to honor it with her presence. Denis replied to this query.

"I am afraid not," he had said, gently. "I don't think I can permit my wife to risk so much for the sake of a country ball; the weather is too raw."

Marcia had sat like stone under this tender speech, which in another wife's ears would have sounded so sweetly. She looked handsome in her black-velvet dinner-dress and several odds and ends of the Latimar diamonds gleaming about her throat and hair; but all the guests present were quick to note her changed appearance. They were chiefly men who knew her mother and had met her many times before her marriage, when they had admired her most cordially. The thin, pale woman with the restless, hungry eyes and pinched mouth that spoke a story intelligible to almost every mind—a story of discontent, of evil temper and unhappiness—was as unlike the strapping, fine-figured Marcia Rochdale as it was possible to be. She had refined with her illness and would always have a handsome air, but there was an odd sort of feeling prevalent among those men who stayed most frequently at Latimar Court—a feeling of repugnance to their hostess and an odd yet defiant feeling of pity for her husband.

"Latimar's made a hash of it; he's caught a tartar!" was the muttered thought that ran through the minds of Denis's male friends.

Marcia was so consumed with imaginary wrongs, so eaten up with her insane and causeless jealousy, so full of her unworthy suspicions and cunning tricks to try to discover Denis in some false position or other, that she lived in a state of absolute blindness as to the effect she produced on outside people.

Her ambition had been strangled by her jealousy. Her pride in her position, it is true, asserted itself now and then in some arrogant way; occasionally she had a moment in which the remembrance that she was what she was gave her intense pleasure, and almost turned her out of her foolish and wantonly cruel path; but these moments were rare. Nature was too strong within her; so her pride, poor as it was, soon shared the fate of her ambition. Denis had long since realized that he must hope for very little from his wife. He had never recovered his first opinion of Marcia; none of her carefully-acted manners, just after they were married, had had the least value in his eyes.

The Marcia he had admired and liked, in whom he had been interested and who had touched his sympathy, had perished utterly that night when she had revealed her true character to him and stripped herself of every illusion.

And yet, despite his knowledge of her real worth, despite the disillusionment and the miserable tragedy of their marriage, Denis did not, could not, have understood for a single moment the absolute significance of the woman who was his wife.

They had little in common. He found nothing to touch his admiration, to kindle anew his interest. He had had to suffer moments of the deepest pain and mortification at Marcia's hands, and still he had not even commenced to fathom the poverty of her mental condition or to realize the wealth of her mean, poor, spiteful, malicious nature. He had made excuses for her jealous fury all through the past autumn; he had attributed her conduct, which otherwise must have been unintelligible to him, to the condition of her health, and Doctor Westall had, to a certain extent, fostered this idea, in the hope, out of sheer affection for the young man, that what he said might be true, but not having any faith in the matter himself.

The death of the child had awakened all that was best and tenderest in Denis. He desired by every means in his power to comfort and console his wife in what was to him a great disappointment and sorrow, and therefore must be doubly so to her.

Marcia did not respond to his tender ministrations; in the days when she had recovered from the severity of her illness she lapsed into a kind of sullen silence which was most distressing both to her mother and her husband.

She, of course, regretted the loss of an heir; but as strength came back to her, so came back the one dominant thought that had been with her all the past year—the thought that Denis was false to her and that she was a wronged woman.

How she came to this conclusion belonged to the mystery of a distorted mind and unhealthy imagination.

The fact, however, remained, and day by day Marcia allowed her whole mental system to be submerged by this brooding over a fiction which had no rightful origin and was born entirely of her overwhelming vanity and jealousy.

Those were very, very hard days for Denis; sometimes he felt as though he could not go on any longer, as if he must throw down his arms, trample duty, honor, responsibility, moral and legal bonds beneath his feet, and rush wildly forth into the vast spaces of the world, where nature would welcome him as a mother and spread the healing balm of her beauty upon his aching, tortured heart.

If Marcia had only stretched out a little finger to help him; if she had only realized what was before her; if she had, in short, done anything but what she did do, Denis would have been grateful to her, and would have done his best to make their mutual lives, as far as lay in his power, something very different from what they were.

But Marcia made no sign—gave him no aid. Hour by hour the atmosphere of his home became more heavy, more difficult to him. Denis sometimes felt as though he was living in a perpetual fog—a fog that dulled his sight, stopped his breathing, crept into his brain, and shut out forever the glorious gold of the sun and of day.

This night of the dinner was one of the nights when he felt, with a despair equal to pain, that he must never hope for a glimpse of the sun again—that, so far as peace and good understanding were concerned, he must never look for them with Marcia. He could no longer make her health an excuse for her conduct; he had to realize that the woman he had put in his mother's place was utterly unworthy to be his wife, or the wife of any honest, straightforward man—a woman who made the hot flush of shame rise swiftly to his cheek by her frequent bursts of jealous anger, as vulgar as they were odious; a woman who filled him with despair and disgust; a woman who, having schemed to obtain her position, was unjust and ungenerous enough to pose as one, too, who had been wronged; a woman lacking in every womanly character, giving forth, indeed, symptoms of a nature which to even contemplate made Denis shiver.

This was his wife, the woman bound to him for good or ill, the mother of his child, his companion for life!

Still, though he was beginning to know how futile was every hope of a possible future with Marcia, he did not renounce his care of her, and when the question of her going to the ball had been mooted, he had at once, and with true sincerity, spoken his refusal to allow of any such proceeding.

Marcia, crumbling her bread with her thin, hot, nervous fingers, was answering the man beside her in a mechanical fashion, while her ears were drinking in all that Denis was saying at the other end of the table. She had caught a further sentence from one of the guests, a Colonel Humphreys, on the subject of the ball.

"I expect there will be a little disappointment if no Latimar Court detachment turns up," the Colonel had said. "You ought to show yourself for half an hour, Latimar, even if Mrs. Latimar cannot accompany you!"

"Oh, perhaps I will!" Denis had replied, carelessly, devoting not a second thought to the matter, Balls were never much in his line, and since his association with Marcia, it seemed to him vaguely as though he had grown into a very old man, to whom dancing and all gayety must be an impossibility. Marcia, however, had caught the answer and stored it in her memory.

So he would go to this ball without her! Her heart beat wildly, and her face flushed hotly; there was something behind it all if he went. He was going to meet some one, to act wrongly, to do—well, Marcia's fertile imagination sketched at once a dozen things Denis, poor, unconscious, innocent, unhappy Denis, was going to do.

She said nothing, but she watched and waited. One day it came to her with a lightning flash that Penelope's new home was situated in ——shire. She quickly sought all information about the ball, and in a very short time she had determined that Denis intended to go to it simply and solely because Penelope Desborough would be there, and that his leaving her at home was all part of the game. Her plans were soon made. She wrote off without delay to Lady Susan. She knew that her marked slight of Penelope would hurt her cousin very much, and this gave her a little satisfaction, though not much—it would have to be something very big that would satisfy Marcia's thirst for revenge on Penelope.

Lady Susan's prompt reply set her at work on her preparations. She telegraphed to Paris for a gown, she wrote to her bank for the more splendid of her jewels, the diamonds she had worn on her presentation and during her stay in London; and Denis was in absolute ignorance of these movements until two days before the time appointed for their arrival at Lady Susan's.

It was the advent of the enormous box from Paris that aroused a little curiosity in his mind. He immediately guessed the contents, and he felt a thrill of hope and something like real pleasure illumine his mind. If Marcia was going to develop feminine weaknesses and indulge in extravagances, he regarded it as a happy sign.

"You have got something very tremendous in that big box, Marcia, I feel sure," he said, adopting a light, jesting manner, as they sat at lunch in solitary grandeur. "I confess to feeling a most unnatural curiosity."

"It is my gown for the ——shire hunt ball next Wednesday," Marcia answered, in a cold, unsympathetic way, and quite unconcernedly.

Denis looked at her in much surprise.

"The ——shire hunt ball!" he repeated. "But, Marcia, surely you do not intend to go? Why—"

"Having ordered a gown expressly for the occasion, I may say I have every intention of going," was Marcia's reply, with that smothered tone in her voice that was a note of warning to Denis that a storm was close at hand.

He was silent a moment, and then gave a quick, short sigh that was not lost on his wife.

"How I wish, Marcia," he said, with very natural irritation, "how I do wish you would be a little like an ordinary individual! I don't understand these strange ways and perpetual secrets and surprises. Why can't we run straight? Why not have told me you wished to go to this ball? I—"

"Oh!" and Marcia laughed shortly; "many thanks; I know what you would have done. I am perfectly aware you have special reasons for not desiring my presence at this ball, Denis."

Denis's face flushed, and he checked the exclamation that rose to his lips.

"There is nothing mysterious in such a desire, Marcia. I do not consider you are sufficiently strong enough for much social duty. I know that if you appear at this ball you will have to dance a good deal, and—"

Marcia glanced across at him.

"I beg you will begin to disabuse your mind of the fact that I am an invalid. I am not an invalid, and I do not intend to gratify your selfishness by posing as such."

Denis lost his temper.

"Good heavens, Marcia!" he said, hotly, "how horribly cruel and unjust you are! You—you positively appall me sometimes by the wrong thoughts that seem to crowd your brain. I wish—" Denis broke off, and rising, moved to and fro for a moment in silence; suddenly he paused beside her. "Marcia," he said, "have you any memory? Do you ever go to the past? If so, just draw a picture of yourself as you appeared in the days when to be my wife and mistress of my house was the one desire and aim of your life. Were you anything other than what you are, I think you would recognize that so far as has lain in my power I have done my duty to you. You married me knowing I had no real deep love to offer you, but I said then I would try to make you a good husband—and, Heaven knows, I have tried; and what is the result? You credit me with every vileness, every unworthy thought, every miserable wrong a man could do. My girl!" Denis laid his hand on his wife's thin shoulder, "you are making a great mistake; you are spoiling your own life, you are embittering mine. We must have a change, Marcia; a man can stand a great deal, but he can have too much to bear sometimes. If I treat you badly, tell me of my sin, and I will try and correct myself. I can do no more than try to make you happy. I think we might pull together a little better, if you would only meet me half way, but—"

"Are you treating me to a sermon? It is not Sunday!" Marcia said, with a most disagreeable laugh.

Denis drew his hand away swiftly.

"You are a cruel woman, Marcia," he said, his voice choked and miserable.

"And you!" Marcia rose to her feet, and then she checked herself. "After all, we are so silly to quarrel—don't you think so? There is nothing new to be said between us now. Things are certainly not very satisfactory. We have no great cause for rejoicing in our married life, but we have equally no great cause for quarreling. Let us agree to differ; it will save so much trouble. Now in the case of this ball, you don't want me to go; I want to go. I have made every arrangement to go; I am therefore going. If you do not want to be bored, you can easily remain away."

"If you are determined, I must, of course, accompany you."

Denis spoke very coldly; he was a little surprised by such a long, quietly uttered speech from Marcia. It was a new departure for her to bear herself in this manner.

Ever eager to grasp at anything which might foreshadow a more rational frame of mind, however, Denis accepted Marcia's cheap cynicism as he imagined it was offered, with a mental reservation that he would never approach his wife again on the subject of their mutual life. It had been an effort to speak at all. It was too bitter and

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humiliating to find his words dismissed with a sneer and a supercilious smile.

He listened to the arrangements Marcia had made in complete silence.

The news that they were to be guests at Lady Susan Verschoyle's house gave him a cold sensation in his heart. In discussing the ball he had forgotten for the moment that it was to be held so near to Penelope's new home. Now, as with a sharp blow, he realized to the full all that lay before him in the next few days. The thought of Penelope brought all at once a sudden fear, sharp, acute. He glanced at his wife, and she, though her eyes were not looking at him, knew that he did so, and divined his thought.

"It is good of Lady Susan to take us in," he said, as casually as he could speak, "but we might have gone to your cousin's house. Of course, you know Penelope Desborough is living quite close to Lady Susan. I expect she will be hurt that we did not ask her hospitality."

Marcia affected a manner of extreme languor and indifference which at once imposed on Denis and set his fear at rest.

"I knew Penelope was living in some eccentric fashion in the country, but I had not an idea where. She never writes to me. I get such news of her as I have through my mother. I think, on the whole, it is better we should go to Lady Susan."

"As you like," Denis answered, and there the conversation ended.

As he walked to the stables he was conscious of a great relief. All at once the horror had come to him of what might not happen did Marcia ever gleam a hint of the truth about Penelope.

"Thank Heaven she does not!" he said to himself. "Things are bad enough as they are, but with that—"

Denis drew a sharp breath, and then all the pent-up agony of his heart burst forth.

"Oh, my love! my love! my love!" he said to himself, "just to have sight of you—knowledge of your presence once again! And yet—yet if this comes—if we stand face to face, as we may do in a few days—shall I be strong enough to bear the test? Can I turn from you and take up the burden of my lost life once more?"

Marcia watched him disappear among the trees.

His tall, handsome figure made a picture of strong, graceful lines as he walked.

Her heart was beating wildly, throbbing in every vein.

"He is afraid of me," she whispered to herself. "He is afraid of what I shall do to her if she comes in my power. I deceived him well. He thinks I do not know. He will leave her to chance, and chance shall give her to me and to my revenge!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Oh! but of course you are not serious, Pen, dear. You must come to the ball. Do you hear what she is saying, Daisy? She does not intend to turn up on Wednesday night. Why, it is absurd!"

"Dear Madge, you are as vigorous and vehement as ever, I find!" Penelope laughed.

She was very glad to see her old girl-friend again. Madge Riley and she had never indulged in one of those hot and strong friendships which occur in the lives of most girls. In fact, they had drifted apart considerably when Penelope had been at school. But there had always been sincere liking and good fellowship between them.

Madge was not pretty, but she was essentially a nice girl, with a good figure, clear complexion, superb teeth, and equally magnificent constitution.

She was of an altogether more robust type than Penelope, and could be in the saddle for hours, ride anything, jump anything, dance all night, and ride again all the following day.

Denis had once called her a "jolly girl, a real good sort with a good heart," and this was a very rough but fitting definition of her.

Mrs. Warriner, her married sister, who was to do duty as chaperon, was a *replica* of Madge, only on a slightly more matronly scale.

The advent of these guests completely metamorphosed Thicket Croft. Penelope was a little dazed by the bustle and chatter for the first hour or so. As Doctor Westall had prophesied, Madge Riley did her best to "make the house jump." But Penelope soon found considerable pleasure in the innovation.

It was strange to her to find herself laughing so heartily, being danced up and downstairs and through the halls and corridors, having anecdotes screamed at her from odd corners, and finding herself in perpetual request.

Life under her uncle's roof had been one long, monotonous dream; the return to this boisterous, happy companionship bewildered her, and brought her back suddenly to old times when Madge and she had made excursions together, climbed trees, played jokes and otherwise enjoyed themselves.

"It is just angelic of you to take us in, Pen, and such luck your being able to do it," cried Miss Riley, when she had made herself breathless with explorations over Penelope's domain. "I was wondering how on earth I was going to get to this hop, and then all at once I set my brain working, rubbed up my memory, discovered you were absolutely on the spot, and I lost no time in throwing myself on your mercy."

"And very glad I am to have you," Penelope said, warmly.

Indeed, she felt wonderfully better for the advent of these two cheery girls. Mrs. Warriner was very little older than her sister. Something in Doctor Westall's manner, allied to the knowledge of Denis's near approach, had made her depressed and unsettled the day or two before her guests arrived.

It was not possible for any one to remain low-spirited very long, however, when Madge Riley was to the fore. She carried an atmosphere of laughter and fun about with her, and before long she had infected Penelope with this atmosphere and awakened the old flow of spirits and mischief.

"I don't know when I have laughed so much," Pen said, as they sat round the fire in her bedroom and brushed their hair. "Madge, you are too funny! But how cruel you are to that poor little Frank Neville. You know he adores you."

Miss Riley made a little *moue*, and her sister laughed slyly.

"Oh, Frank's sun has set long ago, Pen," she said.

Pen was all agog.

"Oh, Madge, who is it? Do tell me! You know I always criticised your flirtations. Is it any one I know? Do be an angel and speak out."

Miss Riley, however, averred with considerable emphasis that she had nothing to tell; but Penelope observed that her color deepened, and her warm sympathy was immediately touched, for she felt at once that it was no mere "flirtation" with Madge this time. Mingling with her sympathy was a quick throb of regret that was almost like envy.

"How beautiful it must be to feel that love could stretch before one without barrier of sin or shame, without memories sad as death and remorse bitter beyond description!"

She did not press her friend to reveal anything; she knew Madge would speak by and by. The conversation turned once again on the ball, and Penelope's statement that she was not going was greeted with absolute dismay and disappointment.

"My uncle has not been dead three months; you forget that, Madge," she said, gently, when she had listened to much protestation.

"But"— Then Miss Riley paused. She knew Penelope well enough to be sure that if her mind was once determined on any point, all the urging in the world would not make her change. Moreover, it was impossible to argue down the girl's mourning as an objection. "I shan't enjoy it one bit now," she said dismally. "Daisy, isn't it a disappointment?"

Mrs. Warriner was as cordial in her regret as her sister.

"Are you going to remain in mourning a whole year, Penelope?" she asked. "I mean, are you going to live just as you are, and go nowhere?"

Penelope was gazing dreamily into the fire.

"Do you know," she said, softly, "it is not at all a disagreeable prospect. I am sure I shall be very happy and peaceful here, except, of course, on such occasions as when my friend Madge pays me a visit, which, I hope, will be very often. You are not exactly synonymous with peace, you know, Madge, dear. I came to live here on purpose to avoid society in the ordinary sense of the word. Had I done what my aunt, Mrs. Rochdale, desired, I should have made very different arrangements: but I don't regret my choice. I love my house, and I mean to try and be as happy as I can!"

Penelope was only too glad to keep the conversation in this groove. She dreaded the introduction of the Latimar name; it was such pain to have to sit and hear again and again the story of Denis's unhappiness.

By some means or other the subject was not introduced, and by and by, when Madge went away to her own room, her sister stayed behind to say a few words about her to Penelope.

Those few words gave the girl a touch of real, sincere joy and satisfaction, for they spoke of the strong friendship and interest that had arisen of late between Madge and Harold De Burgh, and of the possibility of something closer and more lasting springing from this friendship.

It was long since Penelope had heard anything directly of Harold De Burgh; but she had never forgotten him, and her thoughts had always taken a sad tinge when he rose before her.

She could not bear to think she had given a moment's unhappiness to any one, and she knew that the rector must have felt her refusal very keenly, although he had written a most gentle and kind answer to her letter at the time.

The prospect of his finding a wife and happiness with another gave Penelope great gladness, and relieved her heart of one of its ever-present regrets.

"How glad I shall be! Oh, Daisy, I hope we shall see this come to pass!"

Mrs. Warriner looked at the lovely face before her. Penelope, with her big eyes gleaming, her cheeks flushed, her hair falling about her in a cloud-like fashion, looked little more than a beautiful child.

The older woman recognized this loveliness with something of a pang, for she knew the secret of her sister's heart, and she feared a little, feared that Harold De Burgh might fall once more before the witchery of Penelope's sweet, big eyes, and that thus Madge's story would end in sorrow.

"Do not tell her I have spoken, Pen," she said. "After all, you know, it may come to nothing. These things fall through so often; but I hope, for her sake—"

Penelope was full of quick sympathy.

"I will say nothing; but I am sure it will end well, Daisy. I know Mr. De Burgh always liked her. I have heard him speak of her so warmly time after time when he came to see my darling mother. Is he coming to the ball?"

"Not to dance, but to look on," Mrs. Warriner smiled. "I believe Harold would enjoy dancing and sees no harm in it, but he has to subdue his inclinations to suit his parishioners' views. Of course, you know he and Mrs. Latimar have come to daggers drawn—that is, if one can apply such a metaphor to such a man. Pen, my dear, what an odious creature she is! I never could endure her! What on earth ever induced Denis Latimar to make such a fool of himself is one of those things I shall never understand. But there, if I begin on this subject I shall keep you up all night, and you look very tired already. I don't think you are quite as robust as you used to be, little Pen. You must have some one to take care of you one of these days. Good night, dear, and pleasant dreams!"

"Pleasant dreams!" Penelope murmured to herself as she sat alone by the dying fire. Why, the very thought of sleep was absent from her brain this night, though she was, in truth, very weary, mentally and bodily. The knowledge that two miles away from her, under Lady Susan's roof, there was the one being on earth most dear, most treasured by her, was a thought that made her heart beat in a wild, stormy way that precluded all possibility of rest or sleep.

Must they meet? How would he look? Would he be changed? Would there be lines round those dear, beautiful eyes? Would silver threads have come into his hair? Would he be just what he had been? Oh, how she longed to see him once again! Just to let her hand rest in his strong, broad palm; just to feel that ineffable, exquisite sensation of joy, of comfort, of protection when close to his tall, well-knit form!

Penelope suddenly closed her hot eyes with her two hands and prayed—

"Dear Lord, let me not see him. Give me grace and help that I may put him out of my heart. Help me to learn to live without him."

* * * * * *

Marcia put on her most gracious manner toward Lady Susan, but she knew her efforts to win her hostess's good opinion and liking were all in vain. The fact that Lady Susan had taken no pains to cultivate her society had been a very sore point with Marcia back in the year that was gone. She had not given herself much trouble to ingratiate herself with Denis's great-aunt when they first met, and then afterward she had been much mortified when she found that Lady Susan politely but firmly avoided her.

Marcia was an absolute snob, and when the full value and significance of a close friendship with her husband's kinswoman came home to her, she was considerably annoyed with herself and with her luck for having progressed so ill with Lady Susan.

Later on she had almost forgotten this annoyance, and, indeed, Lady Susan's existence had passed for a time from her memory. On her arrival, however, at the pretty little country house, Marcia's vexation on this subject was revived, and made all the keener, because Lady Susan very speedily gave out a little of her deep affection for and interest in Penelope.

"We see a great deal of each other," Lady Susan had said, and Denis had winced as he listened. The color came into his face hotly for an instant, and yet he thrilled at the mere possibility of seeing his love at any moment. And the old lady went on with the conversation, seeing nothing of this change, not a shade of which was lost on Marcia. "I am afraid, though, that I shall not be able to give you much of your cousin's society, Mrs. Latimar. She has guests staying with her for the ball, and will be occupied all the time. Some one from your part of the world, Denis, I fancy—a young lady named Riley and her married sister."

"So Penelope has to open her doors to her friend's chaperons, although she dispenses with one for herself. Is it not a strange idea, her living alone? Lady Susan, surely you do not quite approve of such unconventionality, do you?"

"Well, I don't know. The world goes round a little quicker now than it did in my young days. Perhaps, if Penelope were anything but what she is in my eyes, and that comes very near perfection, Mrs. Latimar, I might object to the position; but, as it is"—Lady Susan threw out her white, jeweled hands with a gesture that was peculiarly characteristic of her—"Well, Penelope is Penelope; and then I am here, you know, in the event of her requiring any one to help or advise her."

Marcia bit her lip and said something, she scarcely knew what. The glow on her husband's face, the expression in his eyes, sent the blood rushing madly through her veins and started the demon of her jealous passion. Lady Susan looked at her, as she sat very silent, and a great loathing, mingled with something like fear, came into the old lady's mind for this richly clad, handsome, viperish-looking woman.

That night, as she put herself into her maid's hands, Lady Susan became lost in deep thought. Her attendant had been with her for years, and was a privileged person. She was a good, faithful creature, with a strong, shrewd head, a sharp tongue and a heart of gold.

"What for ever did Mr. Denis Latimar take that woman for his wedded wife?" said Shorten, as she was called, after awhile, breaking in unceremoniously on her mistress's reflections.

Lady Susan woke with a start.

"Shorten," she said, "I don't like Mrs. Latimar—nay, more than that, I positively dislike her; I think she is a dangerous woman!"

Shorten stopped in her ministrations a moment.

"Dear heart, my lady! How do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"As to that, Shorten, I can say nothing. Perhaps I am judging her wrongly, and if so, I am very sorry; but there is a curious look in her eyes which I don't like, and which gives me an uneasy sort of sensation."

Shorten loved a mystery, like all her species.

"If she should be a murderess," she began, breathlessly; but Lady Susan rapped her sharply over the knuckles with a hair-brush.

"Shorten, you are a ridiculous creature," she said, and then she laughed—it was such an absurd idea. "You must not go ahead at such a rate. A murderess! Good heavens, my good woman! what next, I wonder, and where is your common sense? Don't you know that there is much greater danger lying in wait for some people in this cruel world than the peaceful solution of death?"

Lady Susan was apt to forget her maid's intelligence was not quite up to her own standard, and would talk on dreamily at times as though Shorten could follow her every thought.

She paused a little while she was divested of her silk gown, and garmented in another of a loose, soft description.

"No," she added with a smile. "No, Shorten, you must not call Mrs. Latimar a murderess; it is an ugly name, and—well, rather an unwise one. Mrs. Latimar might object to it, Shorten."

"No doubt, my lady, she would," Shorten answered calmly; "but it don't alter my opinion of her. I think I never saw a more evil look on any young woman's face; and I say again as I can't understand nohow why such a nice young man as Mr. Denis must needs go and tie himself up for life to a viper; and she is a viper, you mark my word, my lady. I heard her talking to her maid, Mrs. West, before dinner. Lor', I 'd sooner serve in a gallery" (Shorten meant a galley, but the introduction of one letter more did not alter her sentiment) "than be under her! When Mrs. West come downstairs, my lady, she'd got a handful of broken sticks like in her hand, and she asked me for some glue to mend the sticks; and when I asked what they was intended for, she says her lady had swep' Miss Penelope's picture what stood on the mantel-shelf in the blue-room, and smashed it all to little bits. Mrs. West says it were a accident, but I've my own ideas about it. This sort of accident looks very like the act of a woman as gets into a fury and doesn't care what she destroys; now don't it, my lady?"

Lady Susan made no immediate reply, but sat with her brows contracted. When she did speak it was to dismiss her maid.

"I feel tired, you will be glad to hear, Shorten; and I think I shall sleep well tonight."

But after Shorten had gone the old lady made no haste to get to her rest. She sat staring into the fire with that same contraction on her brow and a perturbed expression about her still pretty mouth.

"She hates Penelope; but why? What has the child done to her? Except that she is one of the sweetest of God's creatures, what cause can Marcia Latimar have for hating her? And her hate is intense. I feel somehow as if I were on the brink of some horrible discovery. I never remember to have had such an antipathy to any living creature as I have to this wife of Denis. But, there! I am an old woman, and my head is full of fancies. There is, after all, very little difference between Shorten and myself. She reads penny dreadfuls, and I invent them. What a foolish thing too much imagination may become! Here am I, drawing pictures of some impossible harm that may happen to Penelope through the machinations of her cousin, and all because Mrs. Denis is undoubtedly jealous of my child's beautiful face. I think I had better go to bed and get rid of this nonsense in sleep!"

But although she forced herself to accept this common-sense view of the matter, Lady Susan was full of a vague uneasiness that would not be soothed or dismissed.

Was it a presentiment of coming events that filled her mind? Who shall answer such a question? These things are wrapped in the dark mantle of mystery and hidden away from human comprehension or solution.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 9.]

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DARBY, THE BEAR-HUNTER OF ALASKA.*

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS,

Author of "In the China Sea," "Two Gentlemen of Hawaii," etc.

["DARBY, THE BEAR-HUNTER OF ALASKA" was commenced in No. 47. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the News-dealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XXXV.

A FORTNIGHT has passed since the death of Hadleigh. The Kutchin chief has returned from the Kowak country, reporting all well up there.

The boat in which Julia and Madge are to make the return voyage lies just off the bank, with the *Te-tsun* by her side.

A party of travellers comes down the path from the stockade toward the landing-place.

Julia and Madge are happy at the prospect of soon being with their father. They chat gayly, as if they had not just been through a terrible ordeal. The joy in their hearts crowds out all other emotions, and leaves no room for sadness.

Mr. and Mrs. Harby, while they are joyful over the safety of the girls and the recovery of Maxom, cannot conceal their tears over the separation, for in the brief time the girls had lived with them the missionary and his wife have learned to love them, and sweet companionship such as theirs would probably never again come to Fort Yukon.

Maxom, now strong again, but still in a condition making care imperative lest he have a relapse, walks sturdily by Julia's side, and the faithful Tahnag close at his heels. In fact, since Tahnag's return, I do not think he has taken his eyes away from Maxom. He has declared his intention never to lose sight of him again, lest in his absence some enemy take his life.

Madge's hand is in mine, and we are swinging our arms like children in love, walking together in child-fashion, and behind us come several fur traders and Indians to see us off.

The boat which Maxom purchased from the Rats was a long, wide bark war vessel, capable of carrying twenty-five or thirty warriors. We had erected a frame of wood and over this stretched skins, making a tent on board in which the girls could sleep or rest without being seen by any one. Back of this tent, which was well up in the bow of the boat, sat the Chilcoots, with long sweeps in their hands, waiting for their precious passengers.

The parting between the girls and Mr. and Mrs. Harby was a tearful one. They dwelt long on the pleasures they had known in each other's company, and the missionary knelt on the shore while he sent up a prayer for our protection while on the way.

Maxom and I shook hands with all who were there, and then helped the girls into their tented boat.

Tahnag took his seat in the stern, and, steering-paddle in his hand, he gave the command, and the boat moved slowly off.

Maxom's wound had made it necessary for us to engage a crew for the *Te-tsun*, and with four Kutchins at the oars, we moved off alongside the other boat, which we called "The Barge," and in this way we started up the river on our homeward journey.

We were followed by cheers and shouts from the shore, and as long as we could see the point we could distinguish figures on the shore watching us.

The journey during the first two days passed without incident.

On the third day Maxom called my attention to an object on the shore.

We had reached the spot where lay the old wreck of the river steamer, which, as Maxom had said on our way down, was frequently used as shelter by travellers on the river or along the shore.

"If I am not mistaken," said Maxom, "there is the body of a man near that wreck. It resembles one enough to warrant an investigation."

"Then let us go," I said.

Telling Tahnag to keep the barge steady, and wait for us, we had the *Te-tsun* headed toward the shore.

Lying in the snow near the wreck was the body of a man.

Jumping out on to the shore, we ran to him.

It was Jim Bryant.

Hungered, and perhaps already overcome by the dreadful snow-madness, the poor wretch had wandered about until he had come upon that place, and there, starved and frozen, he had paid the penalty for his crime, according to the merits of the case as viewed by Brogabrond.

We fastened a stone to the emaciated body, and sank it beneath the waters of the Yukon.

Then we continued on our way.

That night we arrived at Circle City.

The first person we met as we left the boats and were walking up Sheakley Avenue, was Nick Desholl.

"Great gosh!" he exclaimed. "You back! *Hurray!*"

"How is our father?" asked Julia, trembling as if dreading the reply.

"How *is* he? That ain't the question. How *will* he be when he sees you? That's the thing. Well, the boys *will* have a blow-out over this."

"But is father well?" asked Madge.

"Your dad is well, as far as his wounds go," said Nick. "But he is worrying himself to death about you, He'll be all right now."

With Desholl striding on ahead of us, we hurried on up Sheakley Avenue, and Circle City, in some way or another, became aware that something unusual had occurred. On our way we picked up Doctor Farrell, the Justice of the Peace, and the Sheriff, all of whom bowled themselves clean over in the effort to give us a hearty welcome. The eyes of the officers of the law opened when I told them of Hadleigh's share in the crime, and how all three of the conspirators had met their deaths.

When we arrived near the house, Doctor Farrell said:

"Now, listen. If you go in and take the old gentleman by surprise, the shock will kill him, sure."

"I never knew joy to kill," said Maxom.

"The *shock* of it, I said," answered Farrell. "Now you must come after me. I will go ahead and break the news gently. Gently—see? Then you come in, and he will be prepared for it."

"Quite the right thing," said Justice Holden. "I agree with Farrell there."

Whether any one agreed with him or not made little difference to Farrell. He plunged on ahead.

Any one of us was less excited than Farrell. I wondered how he was going to break the news gently.

We kept close behind him.

He opened the door like one having free admittance to the house. He threw open the door leading into Mr. Marshall's sitting-room.

"Marshall!" he bawled as loud as he could. "Marshall, didn't I tell the truth? *They've come back!*"

After this gentle "breaking" there was no further need of caution.

With cries of "Father! father!" the girls broke from us and ran into the room.

We saw them clasped in the arms of the white-haired old man, whose head bobbed up and down as he sobbed and kissed them and called them endearing names.

"Come!" I said. "Leave them alone awhile!"

We filed out, Maxom and I waiting on the doorstep until a fitting time to go in; the others, after congratulating us upon our success, went their way down the avenue.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

There is little more to be told.

Since the events narrated in the last chapter, many changes have taken place in the lives of the actors in them. Assuming that the reader still feels an interest in the welfare of the two daughters of William Marshall, I shall skip two years of their lives and introduce them in a totally different sphere from that in which they have been seen.

Before reaching this point, it is almost needless for me to say that Julia Marshall became the wife of the Bear-Hunter very soon after our return to Circle City, and on the same day, in the same hour, Madge and I were made a happy unit.

But before this I was compelled to give Mr. Marshall my solemn promise that I would resign from the army. He had already felt the pangs of leaving his daughter unprotected, and he did not propose, he said, that Madge's husband should be shot in frontier warfare, leaving her a widow.

He had, he said, enough for all of us. More than that, he was getting old, and his wound had not left him as strong as he had been before. He needed Maxom and me as assistants in the management of his business affairs, for the mines needed attention, and the money he was about to invest in the States also needed the care of a keen mind.

He would not listen to any plan of separate establishments. He laughingly told us that the fact that we had married his daughters had simply given him authority over us. Nothing would do but to obey him. That his rule was not severe, and that obedience to his will entailed no hardship, will be seen, for now I shall plunge ahead two years and recall one scene simply to give the reader a true picture of our lives after the stirring drama of the North in which we all bore a part.

On one of the principal streets of San Francisco, near a certain church remarkable for its architectural beauty, stands a massive house of stone. A balcony of great beauty ornaments one side, overlooking a garden of flowers and vines. Upon this balcony a white-haired man is seated, reading the daily papers.

Inside the house, which is furnished with all the elegance and taste that wealth can give, a beautiful young woman is surveying with a critical eye the arrangements of the furniture and the work of dusting, sweeping and other bits of daily routine by a corps of servants.

Near her stands a man growing stout from a life of luxury and comfort, whose greatest exercise is galloping about on a blooded horse, and whose greatest pleasure is fondling a certain infant now asleep in the sacred precincts of the upper regions, and where, near it, another certain infant, a cousin to the aforesaid, is also sleeping.

As the man stands there, idly puffing a cigar, another beautiful woman opens a door and comes in.

"Fred," she says, "*you'd* better *go!*"

The man went.

That man was myself. The two beautiful women I have mentioned were the daughters of the white-haired man on the balcony, who was none other than William Marshall, the wealthy mining operator, railroad magnate and banker.

The place to which I had been ordered to go was no less a place than the railroad station.

I stepped into the office and rang a bell. A footman answered me.

"John," I said, "have the carriage out at once."

"Yes, sir," and he was gone.

In a few minutes a luxurious carriage rolled along the gravel path, drawn by a team of fine bays.

I lighted a fresh cigar, changed my house coat for another, put on my hat, and stepped into the carriage.

"To the depot," I ordered.

It was about time for the train from Tacoma. This was the train I was to meet. I reached the station a short time before the train, and stood where I could see it come in.

Among the passengers who alighted from that train was a handsome man of massive build, dressed in a modern travelling suit, accompanied by a tall, solemn-faced Indian, who was also clad in conventional garb.

I rushed to meet them.

"Hello, Fred," said the giant. "How's everything and everybody? How's Julia? How's Madge? How are the stars? And how is father Marshall?"

"All well, Darby," I replied, "especially the stars," by which title we spoke of the two cherubs, one named Maxom and the other Wetmore, who spent their time sleeping or squalling.

"And how is our old friend Tahnag, the faithful?" I asked, grasping the Indian's hand.

"Heap good. Heap much lonesome now. No like same Alaska now."

"Come," said Maxom. "Let's hurry home. I'm hungry."

We got into the carriage and were soon rolling homeward.

Madge and Julia were on the porch. Their father was just behind them.

No sooner had Maxom stepped from the carriage than Julia's arms were around his neck.

"My Bear-Hunter," I heard her murmur, as he kissed her. Then two chubby arms were thrown out and a baby voice squeaked a welcome to "papa."

"Well, Tahnag, good and faithful friend," said Mr. Marshall, "we are glad to see you. Since my big son-in-law has no time to speak to me, you may tell me how things are in Alaska."

"He must speak to us first," said Madge; and the Kutchin chief was overwhelmed with his welcome.

"Come," said Julia; "dinner is waiting. We can do all our talking at the table."

Soon thereafter we were seated around a well-filled table, which was bountifully provided with the good things of life.

"Well, boy," said Mr. Marshall, "what news have you from the mines?"

"Only that which is usual, sir," said Maxom. "Everything is flourishing. Baker is well, and we are now putting in some new machinery. I must run up again in a month or so."

"And are the mines doing as well as ever?"

"Beyond our hopes. Baker assures me that the output this year will be not less than a million."

"Excellent. And Circle City—has it improved any?"

"Indeed it has. There is more law now to the square inch than there was to the mile two years ago. Holden, Marsden, Desholl and all the old gang are gone. Younger men are in control, and a better condition of things prevails. Baker says the place is heaven as compared to what it was, and from what I saw I can easily believe him. Methods are improved as well as manners. The journey from Sitka to Circle City is nothing to what it was. The Alaska Steamship Company has two small, well-constructed river boats plying up and down during the summer months, stopping at all the settlements. Small hotels are scattered along the way, and small Norway horses have been imported for use in getting over the mountains to Lake Lindeman."

"Well, well, these are great strides toward perfection," said Mr. Marshall. "And did you see any of your old friends?"

"I saw them all, I think," said Maxom. "Acting on your wishes, I have established Mr. Harby in a comfortable home at Circle City and built him a church. He and Mrs. Harby are profuse in their gratitude. I had a slab placed in the building with your name on it."

"That was not necessary, but there's no harm in it," said the old man. Then, turning to Tahnag, he said:

"Chief, have you never thought of getting a wife? Is there no pretty girl among the Kutchins that could make you happy?"

Tahnag smiled.

"One," he said. "Nadalik, the prettiest girl in Alaska. Name mean in English mountain flower. Says love Tahnag. Tahnag die for her."

"Good! Now, Chief, listen: I have but partly paid the debt I owe you. You see how we are fixed here. I am the head of the house. It has four feet. It is, therefore, a quadruped. As long as I live, my daughters and their husbands must dwell with me. When I am gone they may do as they like. Now, Chief, how would a home in San Francisco suit you and the Mountain Flower?"

"Big city heap bad place Indian. Indian live where Indian born, never be sorry. Go big city, get sad. In Alaska, big Indian chief somebody. In San Francisco, big Indian chief no chief, no anybody. Indian no be happy where big style. Like forest and mountains and his own people. Heap like come sometimes and see friends like now. That make Indian's heart glad. No stay. Mountain Flower calls away."

"Good! Now, Chief, when you get back, get married to your Mountain Flower and choose your place to live. You shall have as fine a home as can be built in Alaska, and money enough to keep you and the Mountain Flower all your lives."

"Heap thank," said Tahnag, with a smile of gratitude. "Me do that. Mountain Flower not know she marry rich Indian like that. Richer than Brogabrond, and he richest Indian in Alaska."

"Yes," said Mr. Marshall, "I owe the Rat much too. Have you dealt generously with him, Darby?"

"Yes, sir," replied Maxom. "He has been well paid."

"Everybody got well paid," said Tahnag. "No can get poor if friend of Bear-Hunter. Indian say Bear-Hunter make everything all yellow with gold. Indians all glad for Bear-Hunter. Tahnag glad be Bear-Hunter's friend. Brogabrond glad, Mr. Harby glad, Mrs. Harby glad, John Bazely glad, Chilcoot glad, Kowak glad, Kutchin, Rat, all glad be Bear-Hunter's friend. But say one thing."

"What is that, Chief?" asked Julia, smiling.

"All say heap sorry Bear-Hunter no more live in Alaska. But say good thing for Bear-Hunter 'cause him get lovely wife."

"And did they love my Bear-Hunter in Alaska, Chief?" she asked again.

"Heap much," said Tahnag, solemnly. "Why not? Heap strong, heap brave, heap honest. No many men like Bear-Hunter in Alaska. No many men like Bear-Hunter *anywhere*, me think."

THE END.

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MOTHER-SONGS.

On life's thorny, rugged track,
As we tarry, looking back,
Tender memories sweetly rise
To the simple and the wise,
And among the various throng
Softly echoes mother's song.

First o'er every sunny head,
In its little cradle bed,
Bent the tender face and true,
With the love-light shining through,
While the lips with mother-sigh
Crooned the baby lullaby.

When the little feet could walk,
And the lisping tongue could talk,
Then was put to loving use
Wiser (?) songs of Mother Goose,
Till the baby laughter rang
Merrily as mother sang.

Then as growing girls and boys,
Tasting childhood's dearest joys,
Mother's voice we loved to hear
Singing songs of hope and cheer,
Chanting hymns in her sweet way,
Hymns whose echo lives to-day.

Dearest mother, airs divine
Ne'er can seem like hymns of thine,
Blessed hymns we hope to hear
When the heavenly land we near,
Hymns of welcome, hymns of peace,
When all care and pain shall cease.

ONE THING THAT CYCLING DOES.

The bicycle has done innumerable good things for every one. Rich and poor, proud and humble, of both sexes, are getting the beneficial results of the glorious sport, and though, perhaps, one of the least noticed reforms that have taken place on account of the bicycle, yet one of the greatest is the doing away with corsets and tight lacing. This means for women that though the waist may be larger, the lungs will be fuller, and the whole system will be improved. Corsets, by retarding the full power of the lungs, naturally prevent them from performing the duties required, and thus lead to consumption, disease and death. The benefits to be derived from cycling are appearing from day to day, and every woman in the land would possess a machine did she but consider sufficiently this one great benefit.

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HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

A famous English physician has come out with an article on the Higher Education of Women, which is likely to provoke a great deal of adverse comment.

He takes the old threadbare and pointless argument that, because women differ physically from men, they are of necessity inferior in every respect. He declares in effect that a woman should be taught to boil potatoes rather than to investigate science, and that she should find greater pleasure in mixing bread and stirring pancakes than in dabbling in the mysteries of plant culture or the march of the stars in their courses.

The next point in all this sort of talk is, that these people take it for granted that because a woman learns something outside of the kitchen and nursery she is unfitted for the duties, privileges and pleasures of domestic life. It seems never to have dawned on these onesided and strabismic intellects that the more intelligent a woman is, the better she is educated and the more comprehensive her mind the better qualified she is for all of the possibilities of her future. Has she dabbled in medical science, she will be the better able to carry her babies safely through that trying period known as the second summer. She will know what to do for them in emergencies, and may save life that would be jeopardized by bad management before the doctor could get there. Has she taken a course in chemistry, she will know that certain substances are wholesome and will be less likely to make the mistake of combining dangerous articles to set before her household. She will know what ingredients to put together to produce a given result, and will be able to manage the health and sanitation of her dwelling so as to avoid illness and decrease the dangers of contagious diseases or epidemics.

Has she a boy who would be a physician, she is able to give him points from his cradle to the time he begins his studies, and many times after that.

Of all the useless, weak and vapid arguments ever put forth, that of claiming that because a woman is educated in the higher branches she is unfitted for domestic life is the silliest. Knowledge, information, comprehensive grasp, the ability to reason, and the power to assort, compare, weigh and measure theories, ideas and facts, are quite as valuable to a woman as to a man.

Without in any way touching upon the relative merits of the old and new woman as they are delineated in the public press of the day, and keeping very far away from all questions as discussed on Equal Rights platforms and Woman Suffrage conventions, it is safe to say that the more a woman knows, the better off she is; the more thorough her education, the better fitted she is for the duties of life.

It is a curious relic of barbarism this idea that a woman must not be educated because it unfits her for the responsibilities of her sex and her sphere.

When the world realizes that knowledge is power, realizes it practically as well as theoretically, and is willing to allow that mind, spirit and ability are without sex, the dawn of a better day will begin, a day that will bring us brighter, better, abler, nobler sons and daughters, because the theory of the higher education of women has crystallized into the characters of mothers who are worthy to be the ancestors of a better race.

◆

IS JEALOUSY A DISEASE?

People who are given to indulging in this most trying of fancies are very fond of declaring that jealousy is a necessary accompaniment of love. Indeed, certain writers have asserted that true love without jealousy is impossible.

It would be a very good idea for some of these people to look the subject carefully over and see what jealousy really is and what forms it takes.

As a rule, jealousy is concentrated selfishness. It is never satisfied to allow any one else any rights, privileges or pleasures connected with the beloved object. A complete monopoly of the individual, the thoughts, sentiments and feelings is the only endurable situation. There are people who are jealous even of the attention that the loved one bestows on an animal, a plant or a book. One man wrung a canary's neck because his lady-love left him to play with it. Other lovers have done equally cruel and foolish things.

Jealousy, carefully analyzed, seems to be the utmost degree of selfishness, united with an arrogant determination to monopolize the body and soul of the object of its devotion. It is cruel, capricious, utterly heartless and full of bitterness and strife. A jealous person may be not very far removed from angelic when everything goes smoothly, but develop a capacity for fiendishness that is scarcely produced by any other sentiment known to humanity. Unselfish and kind-hearted people rarely give way to jealousy. When they do it is a most disastrous outbreak, and seems to curdle the very blood in their veins.

Children should be taught from their earliest years the blighting and deadly effects of jealousy. There is nothing worse in a household, nothing more demoralizing. Misfortune, sorrow, trouble of all kinds may be borne with a tolerable amount of resignation, but when jealousy presents itself in the midst of a family peace, happiness and good-will take unto themselves wings and fly away.

◆

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

There are times and circumstances when fair treatment, decency and gentlemanliness, as the American manly man understands it, are quite out of place. There are people in the world who appear to be incapable of appreciating consideration and leniency. A simple knock-down argument is the only thing that convinces them. Because the verdict in the Dunraven case savors of the courtesy, consideration and good-breeding that American gentlemen always like to extend to guests, certain English journals declare it in effect a vindication of Lord DUNRAVEN.

It is a thankless task to handle cases of this sort with gloves. Only the strictest sense of right should have governed the verdict instead of the delicate regard for a visitor's feelings.

When there is another occasion for such judicial proceedings, a Donnybrook-Fair policy will be productive of much more satisfactory results than all efforts to handle matters gingerly and spare the feelings of men who are evidently unable to appreciate such consideration.

◆

—We see it stated by some wiseacre that the heart of a man weighs about nine ounces; that of a woman, eight. As age increases a man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after thirty. Some girls lose theirs at sixteen.

THE COMING POET.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

He will sing—the coming poet—songs so full of joy and gladness
That the hearts of those who hear him will be lightened by the strain,
And the souls of those who sorrow will rise up from thoughts of sadness,
Finding comfort in his singing such as parched fields find from rain.

He will sing in sounding measures of the dignity of labor;
Of life's high and holy mission, and the brotherhood of man;
Of the good time surely coming when each one will love his neighbor
And help bear another's burdens, as the weakest of us can.

He will sing to make men better songs of homely truth and beauty,
He will take our hearts and make them instruments whereon to play,
And each song will rouse and nerve us to a higher sense of duty,
And will seem like fresh winds blowing mists of doubt and strife away.

He'll not sing, this coming poet, songs of doubt and sin and sorrow;
He'll not brood o'er wrong and error till the world seems gray with gloom,
But he'll sing of faith and goodness, and of brighter things to-morrow,
And each song will be like sunshine that makes bright a sick man's room.

Hail! O poet of the future! Speed the day of thine appearing!
We are listening for the prelude of the song that thou wilt sing,
Whose clear note of truth will tell us that the Golden Time is nearing
When the law of Love will triumph, and mankind crown Right as king.

◆

CHRISTIAN SOCIAL LIFE.

BY REV. JOHN W. BUCKHAM.

There is, as some one has said, a constant tendency "to hang religion as an amulet around the neck, not to breathe it as an atmosphere of social health." If it be made an atmosphere of social health, what kind of social life will it produce?

1. Christian social life will be elevating, not debasing.

The elevation of social life depends upon the nature of its pursuits and the character of its conversation.

There is not much elevation in a party which is held for the display of fine clothing or the exhibition of expensive plate.

Genuine culture loves simplicity and sincerity. Anything in the nature of a display is obnoxious to it.

There is nothing very elevating, either, about the card parties now so much in vogue. Imagine Emerson, and Alcott, and Lowell, and Curtis, and Miss Lucy Larcom, and Mrs. Stowe, and Lady Somerset having a card party! How long would the cards be in use? There is better employment for our wits than playing a good hand at cards. It is not necessary to call card-playing wicked, or even foolish. Whether it is worse or not, it certainly is not *cultured*, according to the Christian ideal.

The same is to be said about dancing. It is not elevating. Perhaps it is well enough for boys and girls, although it would be better for them to have their dancing out in the fields in the open air. There is one verse in the Bible that applies to dancing better than any other, and that is:

"Now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things."

But, some one objects, would you leave nothing but the stiffness and solemnity of conversation? The reply to this is that conversation is not stiff and solemn, but exceedingly stimulating and enjoyable, if the art is well understood. There is no difficulty in appreciating this if one listens to a group of fine conversationalists a few moments. It is an art worth studying. Money cannot buy it. It comes from a full mind and a glowing heart, and practice.

Yet there are other things to make social life enjoyable besides conversation, though that should be its staple element. Good music is always elevating. So is art, reading, a well-planned trial of wits—any one of them of a higher order than cards or dancing.

2. Exhilaration, not exhaustion, is another desideratum. Late hours, heated rooms, exposure, weariness, leave one in no condition for next day's work. This is a fatal objection to any kind of recreation. If it does not recreate it defeats its own end.

As for making a business of society life, living for parties and balls and afternoon teas and receptions, it is both debilitating and wrong.

The laborer going to his daily task or the washwoman to her tubs is immeasurably superior to the man or the woman who lives only for society. If there is anything that will bring in another Reign of Terror, it is the exasperating sight of the wealthy frittering away the world's wealth and the world's time upon the extravagances and vanities of society life, so called. Well may we tremble for our country if this is to be the type of her social life. And the worst of it is that so many look on and admire and cringe and covet.

3. Again: Christian social life must be the means of expressing love, not pride. A social affair whose chief object is to snub somebody, or to get into a certain social set, or even to pay back social debts, is a poor type of social life. It is not *exactly* a fulfillment of what was in the apostle's mind when he bade Christians to be "given to hospitality."

That is a shoddy kind of social eminence which consists of not associating with persons of a lower social caste. It were better to "be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman." True social distinction cannot be bought nor caught with a hook. It must be in the person, not in his surroundings. Social ambition is good only when it consists of the desire to make oneself worthy of the best society.

There is a sad amount of snobbery in American society, not recognizing people on the street, for instance, unless they are all right socially.

How uncomfortable some persons will be in Heaven, if they get there, in the company of all the humble folk who are going thither just as straight as an arrow, and who will constitute the bulk of Heaven's population, too.

The blame for this growing evil of social distinction has been laid, and justly, I think, at the door of women. The man who has had the courage to do this is Rev. Thomas Van Ness, of Boston. "Who is to blame," says Mr. Van Ness, "for this growing exclusiveness? Though the men may have sins to answer for, on the shoulders of the women must rest the blame of the divergence of classes. The conservative feeling is largely in women, but it is well for them to know that it is but a relic of savagery." "Of what good," he continues, "are your beautiful homes, if only for you and your narrow set? Are there no young girls for you to ask to your homes? Can you not help those who are struggling with the temptations of hell about them?"

There is food for reflection in these words. Selfish society soon becomes hard, fast and wicked. It fosters all the evil spirits, from pride to cruelty. Its graces soon become mere manners, with a cold heart back of them. Manners themselves cannot continue to be truly good unless there is a loving soul prompting them. I cannot believe that true social grace is possible without the Christian heart of love. Such understanding of character, such unselfish sympathy, such self-control, such self-forgetfulness are required to equip one with genuine social power that nothing less than the Christian motive and the Christian reliance can supply it.

But this should be said in behalf of women, that when a noble, unselfish woman does set herself (if only it were oftener!) to make society a means of expressing thoughtfulness and good-will, making her home a center of sweet, cordial, refined hospitality, and in all her contact with others transmitting that atmosphere of kind and gentle courtesy which is such a refreshing fragrance to a weary world, then incessant blessings follow her. The satisfaction of fulfilling such a part in the world must be great indeed.

In the social reconstruction before us, the church has a glorious mission. She, and she only, can offer to the classes and the masses a common social meeting ground. There is only one tie that is strong enough to bring together the extremes in the social scale, and that is the tie of religion.

If the church will only refuse to yield (she has yielded too much already) to the demand for class separation in church life and insist that it is her duty to proclaim and exemplify a gospel which annihilates social distinctions and unites the rich and poor, then a regenerated world will have reason to rise up and call her blessed. If she fails to do this, the crown will fall from her brow.

The churches can do an inestimable service to the communities in which they are by cultivating a pure and gracious type of social life in their congregations—not by holding the traditional church sociable for the purpose of making money, but by giving *bona fide* sociables and by a real consecration of social gifts and acquirements to the service of others.

There should be also a much greater social fellowship among the various branches of the church. A household of faith whose members do not even know one another is no household at all.

The social function of the church is, I am convinced, one of her chief opportunities to-day. There may have been a time when it was her duty to say: "Leave society alone; it is corrupt; let it die; work, pray, worship, only."

Now it is her duty to redeem social life, to give it the Christian motive and spirit.

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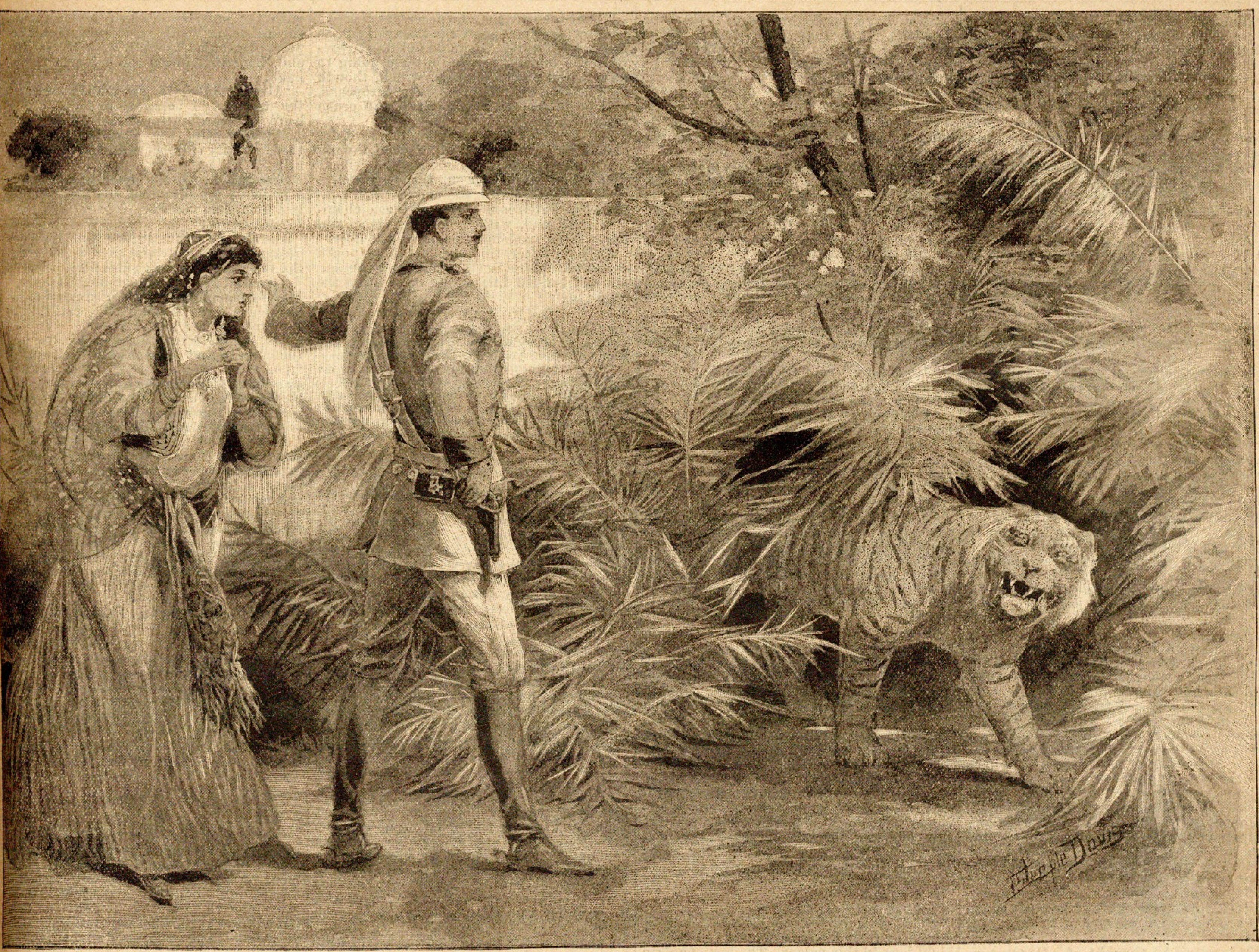

HE GLIDED BETWEEN THE GREAT BEAST AND ITS INTENDED VICTIM AND DREW A PISTOL FROM ITS SHEATH.

THE RAJAH'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of the Sepoy Revolt.

BY JOHN C. FLEMING.

CHAPTER I.

HECTOR GRAHAME was only a lieutenant in the Fifth Bengal Fusiliers, when, in April, 1857, he was transferred to the Thirteenth Native Infantry, at Amritsur, with the rank of Captain. He was also appointed Regimental Adjutant; and Colonel Cowan, the only other European officer of the Thirteenth, having gone to Sabbathi on sick-leave, Hector Grahame, at the age of twenty-four, found himself in command of the Amritsur Fort.

The garrison of the fort consisted of six companies of the Thirteenth, half a battery of the Sixth Brigade of Artillery, white, and a small detachment of engineers, also white. Thus, on the eve of the great Sepoy Rebellion, one of the youngest officers in the British army had charge of an important fortress, garrisoned by thirty-five Europeans he could depend upon, and about four hundred natives merely awaiting orders from Nana Sahib to enact the terrible scenes of Cawnpore and Delhi.

At this period Hector Grahame possessed the kind of physique men would look after in the streets to envy and women to admire. He was tall, straight, broad-chested, and of the blond type of Scottish beauty, if such an expression is in order when speaking of one of the male sex.

It was a May morning. The air was pregnant with perfumes of the mango groves so numerous in that section of the Punjaub, and the young soldier, taking advantage of its comparative coolness, sauntered leisurely along the magnificent road that wound round the palace of the Rajah, Dowlah Sing, a mile or so outside the fort. He had not been long in Amritsur, and having heard much of this palace, described by the poets as an exquisite dream in marble rising fairy-like in the midst of tropical vegetation and sparkling fountains, he thought the present an excellent opportunity to obtain a complete view and make a sketch of it for a friend in Kurrachee. The palace grounds, laid out on the pattern of the ever-famous "Taj," near Agra, were surrounded by a low marble wall, pierced with twenty gates, all of them jasper or onyx, the whole presenting a piece of artificial scenery only to be found in India.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Hector Grahame, "it is grand! But—great heavens!"

This exclamation was drawn from him, near what was called the Lahore Gate, by a spectacle that almost froze the blood in his veins. On turning a curve of the wall, he had come suddenly upon a young girl of extraordinary beauty. It was not, however, the rare beauty of this apparition that struck him just then, though he took in that, too, at a glance, but the mortal terror displayed on her face. Her eyes were distended to their utmost capacity, her lips, even her white teeth, were drawn apart, and her hands worked convulsively at the silken girdle round her waist. In fact, the young woman was paralyzed with terror, and she stood there in all her sinuous grace of form as immovable as a statue.

Advancing a few paces and glancing over the girl's shoulder, the heart of Hector Grahame gave a great bound and then stood still, for twenty feet in front of him, between two clumps of cypress trees, crouched the largest and grandest Bengal tiger he had ever seen, his tail lashing the greensward, his eyes blazing like yellow diamonds, and his huge body balanced as if for a spring. To glide between the great beast and his intended victim and at the same time to draw a pistol from its sheath, occupied the soldier only a moment of time. His movements caused the tiger to hesitate, perhaps in astonishment, while his fury grew deeper, his eyeballs flamed with more ferocity, and the black stripes on his back assumed a more somber hue.

"The chance of my escape from death," communed Grahame with himself, "is about one as against a thousand; but if I let him spring upon me it will be reduced to one against a million. I shall, therefore, take the offensive, and—I commend my soul to God."

This reasoning may seem a little too philosophical at such a time and place; but whether or no, Captain Hector Grahame of the East India Company's service advanced toward the Royal Bengal tiger as coolly as if moving toward a target, keeping his eye fixed, meanwhile, on the blazing orbs of his majesty of the Asiatic jungle.

He had taken only two paces forward when his vision was obscured, he felt the fetid breath of the great cat on his face, and as the muzzle of his pistol almost touched its head, he fired into the brute's left eye. Then he lost consciousness.

How long he remained unconscious neither he nor his paralyzed companion could ever tell. When his senses came back, only that he felt an unpleasant sensation in his left arm, he might easily have imagined himself in heaven and gazing into the glorious eyes of one of its angels. But this was only for a moment, for he soon realized that they belonged to the lady of the Gate. The features were the same, but what a change in the countenance! The look of fascinated terror in the eyes had given way to one of melting tenderness; the statue, in fact, had assumed life and warmth. The young man closed his eyes for a few seconds to give himself time to think, and immediately inhaled a perfumed breath, and—did he dream?—the touch of warm lips on his forehead.

"Oh, do not die, sahib! Preserver of my life, do not yield now!"

Hector smiled and opened his eyes once more to assure this young girl, who had evidently become deeply interested in his welfare, that he was alive.

"Die!" he said, sitting up. "Well, I should say not. Why, it is nothing. But where is the tiger?"

"There, sahib," replied the lady of the Gate, stepping aside that he might behold stretched out at his feet the victim of his prowess. "He is dead, and it was you killed him, invincible warrior that you are."

The lady spoke excellent English, with a sweet Hindoostanee accent and in a diction all her own. Hector could not help smiling at her oriental eulogy, and he thought "invincible warrior" good enough on which to base a camp-fire story.

"Oh!" she cried, "I am so helpless! I wish my attendants would come. Your poor arm!"

Hector saw that his left arm was saturated with blood, and he felt an ugly sensation in that limb from the shoulder down to the wrist. He then realized, although the tiger carried a bullet in his brain, that while on the spring he had had strength enough left to stun his antagonist with a stroke of his huge paw, while his claw made the ugly longitudinal cut from which the blood flowed so freely.

With a supreme effort—he was weak from loss of blood—Hector Grahame managed to stand up.

"Will you think me rude if I ask your name?" he said.

"Rude! You have the right to ask it. My name is— Call me Ajmour."

"It is a pretty name," he said, "and you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. But, pardon me, I know not what I am saying. I hope—I trust I am not foolish enough to allow myself to—to faint."

But he was. The trees danced around him, and he would have fallen prone upon the earth had not Ajmour thrown her arms around him and, by exerting all her strength, placed him sitting on the grass, with his back against a cypress-tree. Then taking a white silk handkerchief, she wrapped it round the wounded arm, having accomplished which, she looked anxiously around as if for assistance. Fortunately her ayah—who in India stands for the duenna of southern Europe, and who is never far from her mistress—presently arrived on the scene, and uttered an exclamation of terror and amazement.

"Yooka! Yooka!" cried Ajmour, "this is no time to be hysterical. Run at once to the palace. Or, stay; my palanquin bearers cannot be far off. Seek them, for the love of Heaven, and bring them here."

Hardly had the ayah disappeared, when Hector Grahame once more opened his eyes.

"I am afraid, lady," he said, "that I am giving you a good deal of trouble. If I had only a messenger to send to the cantonments!"

"Trouble, my brave rescuer!" rejoined Ajmour. "As if I would not go through fire for you; but I am helpless—useless."

"Well," said Hector, with a smile he meant to be reassuring, "you can do something for me."

"What is it?"

"You can kiss me."

Just then the lovely Hindoo maiden did not give herself time to notice the audacity of this request, and taking the pale face of the wounded soldier between her hands and tossing back the silken masses of her ebon hair, she imprinted a kiss on his forehead.

"Ah, here comes the palanquin," she said, rising to her feet; "may Allah be praised forever!"

Four stalwart bearers conveyed Hector Grahame to the Rajah's palace, and ten minutes later he was reclining on a couch in Dowlah Sing's own bedroom, pending the arrival of Doctor Donovan, the garrison surgeon, for whom a courier had been dispatched, mounted on the fleetest horse in the Rajah's stables.

"I would not trust you to our native physicians," said Ajmour; "they are good at herbs and drugs, but don't know much about surgery."

"Hello, Hector, old man!" said Doctor Donovan, when that gentleman entered the room half an hour later. "And so you have killed a man-eater, eh, and rescued the Rajah's daughter? Lucky dog!"

"The Rajah's daughter, Larry?"

"To be sure. She is reckoned the most beautiful woman in all India, and if that was she I just saw going out, report does her only mere justice. But let me see that arm of yours. Phew! What an ugly scratch!"

While Doctor Donovan was stitching the injured limb, Hector Grahame had time to think, and this is what he thought:

"Surely there is not in all Asia a more impudent beggar than you, Hector Grahame. Just fancy a poor devil of a captain in John Company's service asking a princess of royal blood to kiss him. Why, her father is one of the richest of India's rajahs. There comes His Highness now."

The Rajah was a tall, slender man of middle age, with the face of a diplomat, cold, calm and inscrutable.

"Captain Grahame," he said, "permit me to thank you with all my heart for the service you have this day rendered my house, also to congratulate Her Majesty, the Queen, in having in her service so gallant an officer."

"It is kind of your Highness to say so," rejoined Hector, modestly. "But say nothing about gratitude. I did only what any gentleman should do under the circumstances."

"How is your patient, Doctor?" said the Rajah, turning to Fort Surgeon Donovan.

"The wound is not necessarily dangerous, your Highness, but he has lost too much blood to have him removed with safety for a few days."

"It is not to be thought of. He must remain until he is strong enough to ride to his bungalow. The palace is his home as long as he pleases, and all its occupants are his to command."

And so it was arranged. Doctor Donovan came daily to see his patient, always bringing with him from the fort a non-commissioned officer to receive orders. His companion the day before Hector's sick-leave expired, however, was the Rev. Dr. Jessup, the garrison chaplain, on which day the Rajah Dowlah Sing was on a visit to his principal palace at Secundra, twenty-five miles distant.

As for the Princess Ajmour, it will be seen later on whether Hector had seen much of her or not during his sojourn. We shall content ourselves for the present by saying that she took cordial leave of him in the presence of her royal father the morning of his departure, and that when the convalescent reached his quarters in Amritsur Fort, he found in his stables four Arabian horses, a gift from the Rajah worthy the acceptance of an emperor.

CHAPTER II.

SUPPRESSING A MUTINY.

It was the custom of Dowlah Sing, Rajah of Burrapore, to move with his daughter and the few ladies of his harem who happened to be with him at Amritsur to the Sabbathi Hills in the beginning of every May, which is also the beginning of the hot season in the Punjaub. Ajmour, strange to say, having reference to an Indian rajah, was his only child. Her mother was a Mingrelian Princess, which accounted for the whiteness of her skin and the extreme purity of her complexion. He was proud of his daughter, and the ambition of his life was to marry her to a son of the Great Mogul, whose throne, though eclipsed by the power of England, was still the most splendid in India. This season, however, much to the surprise of his *entourage*, he lingered in his palace at Amritsur for the, to him, good, secret and sufficient reason that he was expecting a visit from Sir James Luders, Acting Resident of the Punjaub. Early one bright morning, toward the middle of the month, in fact, that powerful and haughty official alighted from his palanquin in front of the Rajah's palace, and sent one of his retinue to crave audience, which really meant to command it.

"Your Excellency is always welcome," said the Rajah. "You are just in time for breakfast."

"I thank your Highness," said the Resident, as he followed Dowlah Sing into the audience chamber; "I shall avail myself of that honor on a future occasion. I am come just now upon important affairs of state."

The Rajah winced, knowing full well that state affairs meant a more generous exhibition of the British lion's paw.

"You have, no doubt, heard," began the Resident, when they were seated, "that the Sepoys have mutinied in Delhi, Cawnpore and other cities, and murdered the Europeans?"

As Sir James said this he eyed the Rajah keenly.

"I have not heard of it," was the rejoinder, "and, of course, I am inexpressibly shocked."

"The purport of my visit this morning is to ask your Highness for an explanation regarding this correspondence. It was found on the person of Prince Akbar, the Mogul's eldest son, by Major Hodson, who, I may state incidentally, shot the prince and his two brothers a few days ago."

The Rajah took the letters handed him, and read them through without any emotion that was visible.

"I see here," he said, coolly, "nothing but two letters relating to a proposed alliance between my daughter and the Great Mogul's eldest son."

"It appears," said the Resident, with a rising inflection of voice, "that it was you who began the negotiations?"

"I believe," was the firm reply, "that I had the right to do so."

"But you promised her to me."

"Yes, were she willing; but she is not, and I cannot force her inclinations."

"Is this also," asked the Resident, "in relation to your daughter's marriage?"

This time the Rajah's face assumed an ashen hue as he read the paper, and his hand trembled as he returned it.

"The Mogul," he said, after a pause, "asked me what forces I could place in the field in case of a Russian invasion, and, as you see, I furnished him with the information."

The official representative of Britain smiled, and his smile was sardonic.

"Your Highness," he said, as he stood up and faced the Rajah, with flashing eyes, "is doubtless aware that with this paper in my possession I could kill you where you sit, as Hodson killed the Mogul's spawn. You are guilty of treason, and this is a time when punishment is swift and summary."

It was a bold assertion, but literally correct. Sir Henry Lawrence, Resident of the Punjaub, had gone to Delhi to direct military operations, leaving Sir James in absolute control. India was under martial law, and Sir Henry's successor was empowered to deal with Dowlah Sing as he would with a simple Sepoy mutineer.

"I shall spare you on one condition," said the Resident.

"What is the condition?"

"That this very day you give me your daughter, the Princess Ajmour, in marriage, right here in this palace. The fort chaplain will perform the ceremony."

"I accept," said Dowlah Sing, in a choking voice.

"Send for the Princess, then."

The Rajah rang a bell, and in a minute or two Ajmour entered the chamber, bestowing, as she did so, a glance of quiet scorn on the all-powerful official.

"Ajmour," said the Rajah, "circumstances, reasons of State, demand your immediate marriage to His Excellency, Sir James Luders."

"It is impossible, my father."

"Impossible! And why?"

"Because I am already married."

At this announcement, made with the utmost nonchalance, the Rajah sprang to his feet and the Resident gave utterance to an oath.

"Girl," exclaimed the unhappy father, whose face was now livid, "you lie! You know not what you say."

"To whom are you married?" demanded Sir James, in menacing tones.

"You have no right to ask such a question, sir," answered Ajmour, "but to my father I will state that yesterday morning the fort chaplain united me in marriage to Captain Hector Grahame."

Had a bombshell exploded in the audience chamber the two men could not have been more confounded. They stared at each other in amazement.

"Retire for the present, wretched girl," commanded the Rajah, "to your room, where you will consider yourself a prisoner."

The Princess bowed and withdrew.

"She cannot have told the truth," said the Resident, when he had recovered his power of speech.

"I am afraid she has. She never told a lie in her life, and I know for a fact that the chaplain was here yesterday."

Saying this, Dowlah Sing let his head fall on his chest, like one utterly crushed, and Sir James paced up and down the chamber.

"Will you then sacrifice your life and dominions for a girl's whim?" asked Sir James, breaking the silence.

"What can I do?"

"Do! I have heard that there is in your service a man of the name of Roree Dhak."

The Rajah nodded.

"I believe that he was a Thug and is so still, for a Thug is always a Thug. Well, he can render himself useful in a professional capacity. Does your Highness understand?"

"I do. If your Excellency will pay me a visit this time to-morrow I may have news for you."

The Resident, approaching closer to the Rajah, said, in a low tone:

"It may not be necessary to put Roree Dhak's skill with the cord to the test. The native troops, as perhaps you know, will rise to-morrow morning and kill their white officers. But if they fail—you comprehend?"

"That the cord may be necessary."

"Now, as your future son-in-law, I advise you to keep quiet. I can do nothing to prevent the mutiny myself, but am going to Lahore for reinforcements, which, though they may be too late to save the Europeans, will be in time to avenge them and crush the mutineers."

The Resident went to the door to order his bearers, and the Rajah walked down a few yards of the avenue with him. Their backs had hardly been turned when a Hindoo youth threw the arras which concealed an ante-room of the audience-chamber aside, and, with frightened face and hasty steps, vanished through a side door.

An hour later this same Hindoo youth appeared before Hector Grahame's bungalow and handed him a note containing the following:

THE PALACE, 6 P. M., May 23, 1857.

MY BELOVED: My father knows all, and I am a prisoner. The Resident was here to-day, and Mahond, whom you may trust, heard by accident a conspiracy to destroy you and marry me to Sir James.

The native troops in Cawnpore and other military posts have risen in revolt and massacred the Europeans. They intend doing the same in Amritsur on parade to-morrow morning. This is startling, but it is true. So in the name of Allah take care of yourself for my sake.

Your wife, AJMOUR.

While reading these lines the blood in Hector Grahame's veins ran cold. Here was a fearful responsibility placed on his inexperienced shoulders. But was not the thing impossible? And yet he and the other Europeans of the garrison had for some time felt that vague sort of uneasiness sailors in the Mediterranean experience immediately before the advent of a white squall, while the sky is still blue and cloudless.

Dismissing Mahond, with a caution to keep his lips sealed, Hector sent for the telegraph operator.

"Mr. Caldwell," he said, when that person reported half an hour subsequently, "I wish to send this dispatch to Lahore."

"Impossible, sir; the wires are all cut. I can't understand it, but it is as I say."

"You can ride?"

"Yes, Captain, I can ride well. I have been in the cavalry."

"Good. Go at once to my stables and saddle one of the Arabians you will find there. Ride to Philour, thirty-seven miles from here, you know, and tell Major Hardy in command there that the Sepoys in Cawnpore and Delhi have risen; that I expect to have a revolt here in the morning, and that I want reinforcements. Cavalry, of course. To be of use, they must be here before seven o'clock."

The operator, mounted on the swift Arabian, cantered slowly through the cantonments, but, once outside of them, covered the ground as if many lives depended upon his speed.

Upon making further investigations Hector Grahame discovered another indication of the coming trouble in the fact that the rifles of the native soldiers doing sentinel duty were loaded. He then gently made arrangements by which the white soldiers of the fort were warned of the coming danger, and the women of the garrison placed in as secure a position as possible, after which the young commander sat down and wrote out the subjoined garrison order:

AMRITSUR, May 23, 1857.

As to-morrow will be the Queen's Birthday, the troops of the garrison will parade at 7 o'clock instead of 5.30 as usual. The artillery and infantry will fire a *feu de joie* on the occasion, and blank ammunition will be served out to them for the purpose. By order

HECTOR GRAHAME,
Captain Commanding the Fort.

"Why have you delayed the parade, Hector?" asked Doctor Donovan, when, after doing all that could be done under the conditions, the two officers, with the Reverend Doctor Jessup, met in Grahame's bungalow after the trials and tribulations of the day.

"To gain more time for the arrival of reinforcements, Larry; also, that we may have fair daylight in which to die, if necessary. I hope all our fellows will be on the alert to prevent a surprise during the night."

"You may be sure they will," said the chaplain. "I shall take my turn in visiting the sentries."

"And I also," said Doctor Donovan.

Then all three lapsed into silence and speculated upon portentous coming events. One of them dwelt sadly on the fact that he had just married the most beautiful woman in India, only, in all probability, to leave her a widowed maid in a few hours. For thirty-eight against four hundred! The odds were, indeed, desperate.

The troops composing the garrison of Amritsur paraded at seven o'clock next morning according to orders. Nothing unusual was to be observed, as the men took their places, save that the miniature army of horse, foot and artillery appeared to be more profoundly silent even than is customary at a parade of British troops.

It is the rule on the Queen's Birthday of dispensing with the routine drill, to form the troops in line, and after firing three rounds of blank cartridges, to dismiss them at once, so that they may enjoy the holiday in the manner that to each soldier seems proper. This rule was not carried out on the present occasion, to the surprise and uneasiness of the native infantry. Captain Grahame, by a few simple movements, so arranged the formation that the native troops were in close column of companies, the engineers in the rear and the artillery on both flanks, with the muzzles of their loaded cannon turned point blank on the disaffected Sepoys. Grahame himself, with the surgeon and chaplain, fronted the column on horseback.

"Good! Splendid, old man!" murmured the doctor. "I begin to understand. We have at least a fighting chance for our lives."

"Hark!" said the chaplain. "Are not those cavalry trumpet notes I hear from the hills?"

Grahame heard the notes, too, and while a smile of joy illumined his face, he cried, in a loud, firm voice:

"Attention!"

The Sepoys sprang to attention, their eyes gleaming ominously and their fingers grasping the stocks of their rifles nervously.

"Ground arms!" commanded Grahame.

A movement of surprise, a murmur of disobedience ran through the ranks. The supreme moment had arrived.

"If," said Hector, throwing his eyes over the column and speaking in Hindoostanee, "you make the slightest motion unless to obey orders, the artillery on your flanks will blow you to pieces. Now hark! Listen to the trumpet-notes; reinforcements have arrived from Philour. Ground arms!"

As he spoke, the cheery notes of a bugle playing a *tan ta ra* rang through the morning air, and the gunners on the flanks were about to fire and deal out destruction, when the Sepoys, like one man, stooped and placed their muskets on the ground. They were then marched outside the cantonments and their accoutrements having been taken from them, were placed as prisoners under guard.

"Mr. Caldwell," said Hector to the telegraph operator, "I see you have returned alone."

"The Philour Garrison has been butchered to a man, Captain, and the Sepoys, all infantry, are marching in this direction. I learned to play the bugle in my dull hours as an operator, and taking in the situation from the hills yonder, I thought a tune would have a good moral effect."

Hector Grahame smiled and shook the operator's hand. It was the display of such courage and intelligence that saved an empire to the British in the year of grace, 1857.

CHAPTER III.

THE THUG.

On the Thursday following the event just narrated the Resident returned to Amritsur from Lahore, bringing with him a reinforcement of six hundred men, all Europeans, excepting a troop of Sikh cavalry. On approaching the fort this detachment threw out a line of skirmishers, as if they presumed an enemy in possession, and limbered up two field-pieces they had with them, so as to be ready for action. Great, therefore, was their surprise and pleasure when Captain Hector Grahame and his orderly met them a mile outside the cantonments.

"Hello, Grahame!" said Colonel Osborne, commander of Hector's old regiment. "What's the news?"

"All is quiet in Amritsur, Colonel."

"Sir James," said the Colonel to the Resident, who had come up, "of course you know Captain Grahame, the Tiger-Slayer?"

"Your native troops have remained loyal, I see," said Sir James, paying no attention to Colonel Osborne, "and Amritsur has escaped the fate of Philour, eh?"

Hector explained the situation in a few words, to which the official listened impatiently.

"You will," he said, "furnish me personally with a full and detailed report of the matter to-night at seven o'clock. I shall make the Rajah's palace my headquarters for the present. Meanwhile, order your commissariat department to provide quarters and rations for this detachment at once. I presume the road between the fort and the palace is safe?"

"Perfectly, sir," replied Hector, stung at the manner of his superior, "though I won't answer for it after to-morrow, as I learn the Philour mutineers are marching this way."

While Hector Grahame is looking after the welfare of the soldiers from Lahore, let us see what Dowlah Sing, his father-in-law and the Resident's good friend, is doing at the palace. Darkness had fallen, and His Highness of Burrapore paced the veranda in a mood half impatient, half irresolute, looking at his watch at times as if expecting some one, and again halting and stamping his foot, like a man who was making up his mind to something against his will.

"I believe the dog presumes to keep me waiting," he muttered, for the twentieth time; but just then a man glided into his presence, springing, as it were, from some place unknown. This mysterious person was a man of middle age, of medium size, with a benevolent cast of countenance. He made a profound obeisance, and folding his hands before his body, and keeping his eyes on the ground, waited to be addressed.

"Roree Dhak," said the Rajah, in a low voice, "I expected you sooner."

"I did not wish to be seen, your Highness, and had to—"

"Never mind. You are a Thug, are you not?"

"Yes, your Highness; I am, the same as was my father before me."

"Thuggery is to you a means of living?"

"Yes; and it is also my religion."

"You remember that when the Ingrezi hanged or imprisoned your friends, I gave you a certificate of character."

"Your Highness saved my life."

"Good! I hope you are grateful. Have you a *roomal* with you?"

For answer, Roree Dhak drew a red silken cord from his bosom and replaced it swiftly.

"I see. Now, to-night, at about nine o'clock, an officer sahib will leave this palace for the fort, and—"

"Yes, your Highness."

"He must not reach the fort alive."

The eyes of the Thug glistened with a sinister light, and the benevolence that appeared so natural to his face gave way to an expression of deviltry terrible to see.

"By Kali, our benign goddess, I swear the *Giaour* shall die!"

"Bring me any papers he may have in his possession as a sign that he is de—disposed of, and claim a reward of 1,000 gold mowers. But, listen; the deed must be done as near the fort as possible. Go!"

This conversation had been carried on in the audience chamber, to which the pair had withdrawn, and when it was over the Thug backed to the secret door, got behind the arras and disappeared. Hardly had he gone when the Resident entered, dressed in a Khirkee suit, such as is worn by officers serving in India during the summer season.

"Well," he said, after the usual salutations had been exchanged, "I find that your son-in-law has covered himself with glory. He will share the honors as a hero throughout India with Major Hodson next week."

This was said in tones of bitterest scorn and hatred.

"Next week," echoed the Rajah, in a hollow voice, "the jackals will be howling over his grave!"

"It is well, your Highness. I trust there will be no mistake. And the fellow being out of the way, I insist upon the marriage being solemnized at once."

"There shall be no delay."

"What dowry will you give with your daughter?"

"One million pounds sterling, and the domain and palace of Burrapore."

"It is a princely dowry, and well becomes the Rajah Dowlah Sing."

"In return," said the Rajah, after a pause, "I ask of your excellency to give me the papers you obtained from Delhi."

The Resident put his hand to his breast, mechanically, and hesitated.

"I shall destroy them to-morrow, after the wedding, in your presence. Business is business. Hush! Here comes Captain Grahame."

"You are welcome, my brave friend," said the Rajah. "Sir James and I are about to have a glass of wine and a cigarette. Will you join us?"

"Your Highness will excuse me this time. I may avail myself of your hospitality to-morrow. Indeed, I shall, with your permission, call upon you in regard to a personal matter."

The Rajah and Resident exchanged a lightning glance, and Hector continued:

"At present I have come with a report to Sir James, and must return to the fort in haste. Colonel Osborne, now in command, under his Excellency, of course, would not be surprised at an attack from Philour before daybreak."

"Tell Colonel Osborne, Captain," said the Resident, taking the report handed him by Hector, "that I shall be down myself inside of an hour. Good night."

"Good night, your Excellency. Good night, your Highness," said Hector, saluting respectfully, "but before I go permit me to thank you for the magnificent horses you sent us."

"Ah, I am glad you like them. My daughter, the Princess, went to my summer-place at Secundra this morning, or I would ask her to thank you once more for your gallant conduct in person."

"She has gone to Secundra, eh?" muttered Hector, as he mounted his horse. "I believe his Highness lies, and that he is conspiring with the Resident against her and me."

His pace down the avenue from the palace was slow, for he was in deep thought. As he entered a gloomy spot not far from the gate where the trees overhead interlaced, a figure advanced from the shade and Grahame's horse shied.

"Stand!" he cried, drawing a pistol from his holsters and cocking it. "Not another step, or I fire!"

"It is I, sahib—Mahond."

"Ha, Mahond, my good friend, what's the matter?"

"If you will dismount," said Mahond, "I shall hold your horse. Some one in yonder glade desires to see you."

Hector Grahame's heart bounded. There could be only one "some one," and, in fact, in a few seconds he was wrapped in the arms of Ajmour.

"Oh, my love, my husband!" she cried in rapture, as she kissed him again and again, "they are conspiring to separate us! But you are a gallant gentleman—a British officer—and you will not allow it!"

"No, by the heavens above us! You are my wedded wife, and there is not power enough on earth to keep me from you. But, Ajmour, your father told me he had sent you to Secundra this morning."

"No, I have been for days shut up in my apartments, watched and guarded, but Mahond kept me informed of what is going on. Mahond, the son of my ayah, effected my escape, and I was about to go down to the fort to seek the protection of my husband, when he informed me you were here."

"It is a good idea, Ajmour, and I shall take you down now and install you as mistress of my bungalow."

Ajmour uttered a cry of joy.

"But," said Hector, as he assisted her to mount a horse kept in readiness for her by Mahond, "isn't my bungalow a poor habitation for a rajah's daughter?"

"Where you are is good enough for me, and so let us depart at once before my escape is discovered."

At a signal from the Princess, Mahond led the way, and the little party was soon scouring the Amritsur road on their way to the fort.

While Hector Grahame was escorting his bride to her new home the Rajah and Resident sat in the audience chamber, facing each other and smoking their cigarettes in silence, each busy with his own thoughts. The Resident despised the Rajah, but he coveted his wealth and the prestige a connection by marriage with him would bestow when one day he would go home and be made a peer of the realm, not to speak about the *furore* the beauty of his wife would create in English society.

The Rajah, likewise, hated the Resident. This hatred was a personal one, for the official was arrogant, insolent, and almost brutal in his dealings with him—the Rajah of Burrapore, a descendant of Nadir Shah. If the rebellion now raging made much more headway, he, in common with other semi-independent princes, would join the winning side, and then woe betide Sir James Luders, were he ten times his son-in-law.

"Had these miserable wretches in Amritsur," thought the Rajah, "as much nerve as their comrades of Philour—but let us wait."

"Don't you think," asked the Resident, presently, "that your messenger should be here before now with news?"

"It is surely time, your Excellency; but listen! What noise is that?"

"Volleys of musketry, by heaven! And, hark! Cannon firing from the hills. The mutineers from Philour must have arrived sooner than expected and been joined by native artillery from Allambeg."

The Rajah rose from his seat and went to the window. He appeared greatly excited.

"Your Highness," said Sir James, "I must hasten to the fort at once. It would never do to have the Resident of the Punjaub sit still while fighting was going on a mile away."

"Shall I order an escort for you?"

"No, it would take time. The road between here and Amritsur is perfectly safe in your hands. I shall be here in the morning to complete our arrangements, for, of course, the mutineers will be beaten off."

The Resident mounted and galloped furiously down the avenue, and the Rajah heaved a sigh of relief as the sound of his horse's hoofs died away in the distance. Then he grew uneasy at the unaccountable delay in the appearance of Roree Dhak.

"I hope," he soliloquized, "that the Thug has done his work. He has never failed me up to this. If there is a mishap now, I shall have to show my hand before I am ready. I am almost sorry I did not slay the dog of a Resident where he sat, and drag those terrible papers from his breast."

Meantime, the minutes flew past and the firing continued. The Rajah, chafing with impatience, as was his habit when irritated, walked rapidly up and down, this time taking the piazza for his promenade, until nine o'clock, when the figure of a man seemed to rise out of the ground in front of him.

"It is I, Roree Dhak, your Highness," whispered the Thug. "Your enemy has perished. The great goddess Kali has been favorable."

The Rajah entered the palace, followed by the Thug.

"Where are the proofs, Roree Dhak, that you have executed your commission?"

"Here they are, your Highness," replied the Thug, placing a gold watch and a number of papers in the hands of his master.

"Go into that room, slave, and stay there till I call you."

The Thug disappeared, and Dowlah Sing examined the papers with a dubious expression of countenance. As he proceeded, his face took on a ghastly pallor, his eyes protruded almost from their sockets, and large drops of perspiration stood on his brow.

"Almighty Heaven!" he exclaimed, as he staggered toward the arras. "The villainous Thug has slain the Resident!"

"Slave!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper, "come forth! Whom did you slay?"

"The Resident Sahib, your Highness."

"So I see. But that was not the man I pointed out to you. The officer who preceded him was the one I wanted disposed of."

"You said it was the sahib that would ride down alone. The first officer was accompanied by your daughter, the Princess Ajmour, and her servant, Mahond."

"The Princess Ajmour? Impossible, slave!"

"It is as I say, your Highness. The party rode fast, as if afraid of pursuit."

The Rajah, after telling the Thug to conceal himself, once more summoned an officer of his household.

"Tell the Princess I want to see her at once," he said; "and also her attendant, Mahond."

When alone, the Rajah resumed examination of the papers, and he heaved a profound sigh of relief as he found amongst them his dangerous correspondence with the Great Mogul. He also found an undated letter from Sir James to the Governor-General of India, in which it was stated that Dowlah Sing, Rajah of the Burrapore, had been executed for treason, after having first been tried by court martial.

"I have had a narrow escape," he thought, "for which Allah be praised. What will be, will be."

"Your Highness," said the officer who had been dispatched to summon Ajmour, "the Princess is not anywhere to be seen, neither is Mahond."

"Ah!" said the Rajah. "Perhaps they are on the grounds somewhere. You may go. Remain within call."

"Here, Roree Dhak, is the gold I promised you," said the Rajah to the Thug, whom he called from his concealment, "for, although you killed the wrong man, it was through an unfortunate misunderstanding that cannot be helped. Silence till death. You hear."

The Thug prostrated himself to the ground, disappearing like a snake in the grass, and the Rajah summoned the officer whom he had sent for the Princess.

"Roree Dhak has just left the palace," he said; "follow, and have him placed in a cell where he cannot communicate with any one without my permission."

A week later, the Calcutta *Record* had this item of news:

"It is cheering in these troublous times to be able to record such devoted loyalty as that manifested by Dowlah Sing, the Rajah of Burrapore. This semi-independent potentate, one of the richest in India, has not only raised and equipped ten thousand men in the Company's service, but has bestowed his daughter in marriage on Capt. Hector Grahame, of the Thirteenth Native Infantry, in recognition of his heroic services in saving Amritsur from the fate of Philour. According to yesterday's issue of the *Military Gazette*, Captain Grahame has been promoted to a majorship, and will act as Deputy Resident of the Punjaub until some one is appointed to replace the late Sir James Luders, murdered by a Thug on May the 24th. We learn from a still later dispatch that the Rajah's police captured the Thug, a desperate fanatic, known as Roree Dhak, as he was about to leave the Residency for Delhi, and had him executed on the public square of Amritsur."

And such is history.

THE END.

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COMFORT FOR THE FARMER.

Notwithstanding the great amount of talk about the low prices of provisions and the unfortunate financial condition of tillers of the soil, the farmer has much to be thankful for. If he is at all forehanded he has at least his winter vegetables and fruit, and should have the wherewithal to pay his grocer's bills provided he is half a good manager. True, he does not always live on the fat of the land, but neither, for that matter, does his city neighbor who has about the same amount of means.

Most farmers would think themselves very badly used if they were compelled to get along on as short commons as a great many city people go upon year after year.

There is a great deal to be said in favor of the comforts of farm life. Whatever else there may be, there is plenty of fresh air, plenty of space, and a good opportunity for sanitary conditions. In addition to these there are the bracing and healthful effects of respectable surroundings, for the worst forms of vice rarely flourish in the country.

There are evils, to be sure, but they do not reach such abnormal development outside of the walls of the cities. There is less opportunity, for one reason, and for another, it may be said that vice in its lowest forms demands the coöperation and association of masses of people.

Very many of the great men of the world have lived to see the day that they are thankful they were born and bred in the country. They realize that city life has its disadvantages, and these they are usually willing to leave whenever they can for the pure air, green fields, bright skies and more wholesome and refreshing atmosphere of suburban life. The custom of remaining at the country place during the entire winter is rapidly growing near large cities. It is no uncommon thing to find entire neighborhoods with every house filled with the bright, genial, happy, well-to-do company of men and women—people who understand the wants and needs of humanity, and are willing and anxious to supply them, at least to their own households. They may spend a portion of their time in cities—a time sufficient to acquaint the younger members of their families with some of the most important and interesting phases of city existence—but when they want strength, recreation and good, sound bodies in which to develop clear minds and high moral principles, they are very likely to take refuge in some place outside of our great business centers. They have learned by long experience that human nature is a good deal more palatable when taken in homeopathic doses; they therefore seek the country as an agreeable alternative, and leave it only when business or pleasure calls them from it.

If the farmer is so situated that he can do so, he will find the greatest benefit in occasional trips far out of sight of his absorbing acres. He will be a better farmer, a better man and a more successful financier if he sometimes leaves his crops and delegates to other hands the care of his flocks and herds and mingles with the city elements long enough, at least, to waken new trains of thought and furnish him with new ideas.

The farmer's children who grow up dividing their time between good schools and their country home unquestionably are on the most favorable highway to success. They learn theory as well as practice, and are able to bring to the farm, if they choose it as a means of livelihood, a very much higher grade of intelligence than is possible when their entire life has been passed under the shelter of the home roof. They are able to compare and compute, to draw conclusions from conditions and apply them to the soil, to understand the theory of things as well as the practice, and to put themselves in a way to reap greater profits and wider advantages than their parents have ever done. The farmers are the bone and sinew of the land. It is all very well to talk of the powers and privileges of wealth, but the son of the soil who plants his fields intelligently well knows that he holds within his grasp the elements of prosperity, and that with reasonable care he may wrest from even an unpromising soil a goodly harvest, and that he is sure of a good living; and, as philosopers have often said, even the millionaire gets no more than this.

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THE BICYCLE PUMP.

There has been a great deal of complaint of the ordinary hand pump, such as is found in the average bicycle "kit." The trouble seems to be that the pump does not work, gets out of order, goes to pieces, and, when needed, fails to do service. While, of course, the foot pump is much more powerful and easier to manage, there is no difficulty whatever in working the little pump provided one does it in the right way. First of all, understand how the pump is made. Most of the accidents come from unscrewing the plunger when detaching the pump from the tire. Instead of turning the pump and tube together, the pump alone gets more turns and the bucket portion is detached. When next the pump is wanted, the inexperienced user declares it is broken and worthless. Thirty seconds' work with a screw-driver puts it in order, and if a little water is drawn into it, it works like a charm. In filling tires it is important, in taking off the cap from the valve, to push it up and down a few times to see that the little plunger in the middle works perfectly free. Press it back and forth until it hisses sharply, then attach the pump, fill the tire, put on the cap and all is ready.

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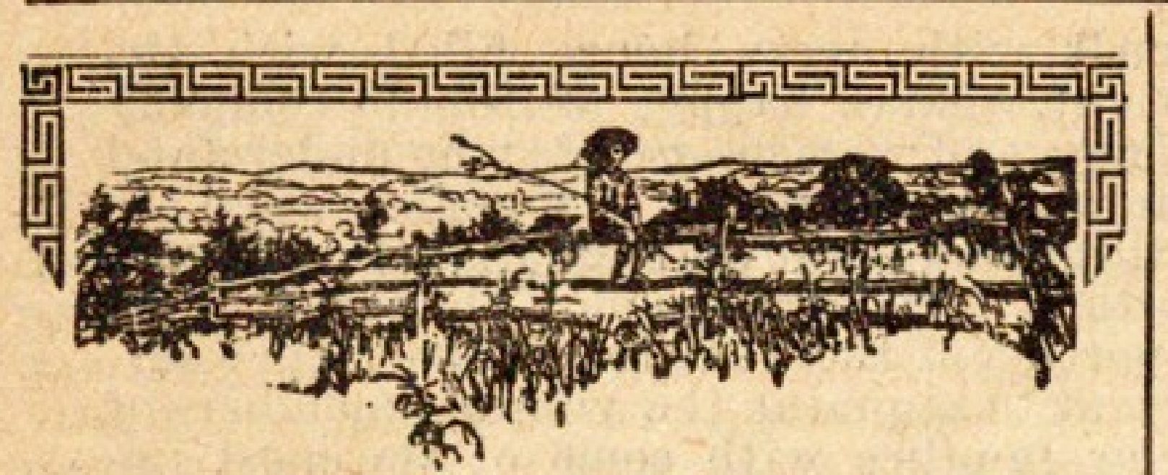
—Forty girl-students at the State Normal School in Warrensburg, Mo., have organized an athletic association. They are going to devote much attention to outdoor sports, and will wear bloomers and sweaters.

THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS.

Now is the time to take Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic
A bracer, a blood builder, quiets the nerves, brings sleep to the sleepless and gives you strength

GOLD MEDAL AND DIPLOMA, CONSTITUTING HIGHEST AWARD, MUNICH INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, 1895. AN UNPARALLELED VICTORY IN THE VERY HOME OF BREWING.

.......Milwaukee Beer is Famous, Pabst....... has made it so.
The sales of "Pabst-Milwaukee" exceed by 40% the total output of any similar institution in the world.



CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Eb.

For some reason little Ebenezer Magog did not like his name. It was a very fine name, he knew, and it seemed to suit his tall, broad-shouldered grandfather very well, but he thought it much too long for him. For Ebenezer was a very small boy indeed for his age, and knew it very well. And once when the hired girl, Patty Tasker, had called down the street after him, "You, Eb-e-e-nee-zer Magog, come back here," some witty person had said: "There 's more name than boy going along there."

One day, therefore, he asked his parents if they would not call him "Eb" until he had grown larger, and if they would not tell Patty Tasker never to call him "Ebenezer" any more. And it was agreed that she should only do so if she saw him going off to fish on the dock with the Brickett boys. Our hero promised not to do this. And from that time on he was always called "Eb," except now and then when his cousin Letty took it into her head to tease him. Eb's great weakness was that he was easily teased.

Cousin Letty was fond of teasing him. She was rather a nice little girl otherwise, but she would find out just what worried her little companions most, and keep on saying it or doing it until she set them crying. Others might tease her as much as they pleased and she would not cry, so she did not understand how it made some children suffer. If she was hurt in the very least, if any one so much as pulled a hair out of her head, then, indeed, Letty cried terribly. She was different from Ebenezer, who would bear real pain without making any noise about it.

Letty came sometimes to visit her aunt for a week, and the children had good times together; only Eb was obliged to be very gentle, for if he gave Letty the slightest push she really believed herself half killed. But Eb's mother said that boys must be gentler with girls than with other boys, and it ought to be enough that a girl did not like something to make them stop it.

One rainy day, when Letty was visiting them, the little boy and his cousin and two little children from next door were playing "dog show." There was a white, woolly toy poodle dog, and a small tin greyhound, and a wooden mastiff, and a china pug with a black nose, and the red-handled hearth-brush, with the ribbon about its neck, was the Skye terrier. Letty, with a train made out of a chintz curtain and a turkey-wing in her hat, and the little girl next door, with a pink parasol in her hand, were lady exhibitors. The little boy was the judge. He wore his father's smoking-cap in order to look dignified. Eb said he would be one of the dogs—a large Newfoundland—and he went down on all fours at once. The ladies brought the dogs out, one after the other, to the chair where the judge sat. Last of all Letty made Eb go up.

"Mr. Judge," she said, "here is my Newfoundland dog Ebenezer. He ought to have the prize for bigness."

"No," said her cousin, "I won't play dog at all if you call me Ebenezer."

"You're my dog," said Letty. "You must have any name I give you. Come here, Ebenezer."

"I warn you that the dog Ebenezer bites. You better not call him," said Eb.

"Answer to your name directly, Ebenezer," said Letty.

On this Eb trotted up to her as fast as he could and bit her on her little, fat arm. Letty began to shriek dreadfully and started upstairs to tell her aunt and show the bite.

Now Eb had only wanted to frighten Letty, so the dreadful bite was only a circle of pink impressions. And before she had got half way upstairs, Letty, who had kept her eyes fixed on them, saw that they were fast fading out and there would be no bite to show by the time she reached her aunt's room. So, in order to save them just as they were at first, she lifted her arm to her lips and fitted her teeth as exactly as possible in the little pink spots and bit herself over again, just to show aunt precisely how it was at first. She said to herself:

"It 's perfectly fair." Then she went on crying again. She had left off to do the biting, and rushed into the room, crying: "Ebenezer bit me!" Some one followed at her heels. It was Patty.

"Oh, Miss Letty!" she cried, "what a terrible falsehood! I saw you bite yourself when you were half-way upstairs. You can't deny it."

Poor Letty! She thought a moment and felt sure that grown-up folks would never understand why she had done what she did.

"He did bite me!" was all she could cry.

"I saw you bite yourself," said Patty.

"Bring Eb to me," said the boy's mother.

Eb came upstairs very slowly.

"You needn't be afraid, Master Eb," said Patty. "When you are bad I go against you, but I know you didn't bite Miss Letty, for I saw her do it herself, and to say you did it is false witness and a sin."

Eb looked at Letty and laughed. He knew just what had happened, if the grown folks didn't, and simply by holding his tongue he could have had Letty sent home in disgrace and punished. But he had not a wicked heart, so he had no wish to take advantage of the opportunity, and he stood up straight and looked into his mother's eyes, and said:

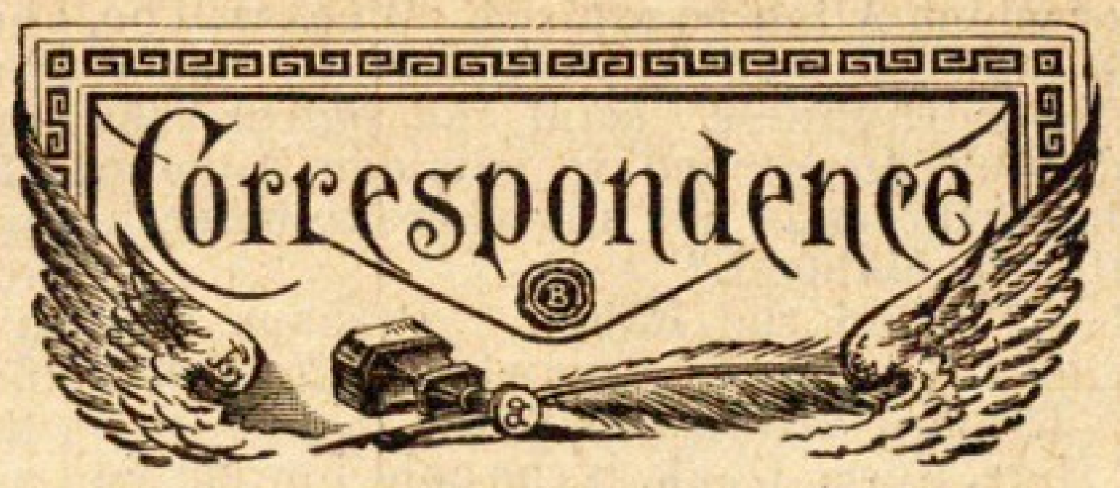
"Yes, mamma, I guess Letty thought it was a hard bite. I did give her one, but I only meant to scare her, not to hurt her, so I understand how it was. She had to bite it over to keep it to show you. She didn't lie."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Letty. "I am so glad somebody understands, and I own up the bite didn't hurt a bit, but I wanted to show it out of spite—I 'll never call you Ebenezer again."

"All right," said he. So the quarrel was made up.

"What a queer pair of children!" said Patty. "I never saw the like."

But the mother's eyes were full of tears.



Decorative Material.—Home-Maker wants information as to decorative material for wooden articles. She has heard that there are materials like embossed work that may be applied to furniture and walls, and would like to know what they are and how they can be used. *Answer:* Under the various names of carton pierre, papier-maché and gypsene relief some exceedingly attractive and useful decorative applications are furnished. They are made of composition and are, for the most part, very durable and easily managed, qualities that render them of great value to the amateur. They come in vines, wreaths, sprays, figures and fancy designs, medallions and corner-pieces. A deft-handed young woman has decorated a set of furniture with these designs, and is justly proud of her success. She had a bedstead and dressing-case of old mahogany, well made, but entirely plain. The varnish was entirely removed from the wood, and the decorations, which were very slender festoons of roses and leaves, were firmly glued to the wood. They were arranged in rows across the fronts of the drawers, around the panels at the ends and around the edges at the top and bottom of the dressing-case. The bedstead was elaborately trimmed, and the pieces, in addition to the glue, were secured by tiny brass tacks. The mahogany was polished and finished, and the trimmings were done in gold leaf. When completed, the furniture was a work of art. A cabinet and book shelves were similarly decorated, and other pieces are under consideration. These moldings may be had in a variety of sizes, patterns and qualities.

Ragged Paper Money.—Dixie Girl has a National Bank bill and is told that it is worthless because one corner and almost all of one end is torn away. She writes to ask the *Ledger* if this is true. Also, she would like to know what becomes of all of the worn-out bills, and if the people into whose hands they come when they are so badly worn and defaced must lose them. *Answer:* If there is any portion of a bank bill equal to three-fifths of its original size remaining, it is redeemable at its face value. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where the bank-notes are made, is under the most careful and constant supervision of many responsible officials. According to law, a specified amount of paper money is kept in circulation continually. As fast as it is worn out more is issued, and thus the average is preserved. When mutilated notes come in they are assorted, counted, canceled and sliced in two parts, lengthwise. The Secretary of the Treasury receives one part, the Register of the Treasury the other. Then these officials have their half notes counted and the numbers and value are duly certified by several officials. After this, the pieces are, in the presence of persons appointed for this purpose, cut up and ground in a mill, then macerated in a large tank. Various ornamental articles are made from this paper pulp. The paper is prepared in special mills by special processes. Clean linen rags are the basis, and in the pulp are mixed threads or fibers of silk of various colors. It is against the law for private individuals to make or have in their possession paper containing this fiber.

Fancy Ices and Creams.—Madge asks if there are fancy molds and forms for ices and creams, and where one may get them. She is going to have a grand birthday party, and some one has suggested that she have little molds to turn out forms of her own head and face. She wants to know if it could be done. *Answer:* Certainly. Any mold may be made to order. There are already those in form of fruits of all sorts, birds and many flowers. Almost all festivals, anniversary occasions, and special dinners and banquets have ices in forms appropriate to the occasion. At a military dinner the ices were in the form of knapsacks, cannon, cartridge boxes and other articles in military lines. A pair of turtle doves hovering over a spray of orange blossoms was a design prepared for a wedding entertainment. Another was made in the form of bags of rice open at the top, with the grain overflowing. Ice-cream slippers were served at one wedding. A dry-goods men's dinner had blocks of cream shaped like pieces of goods, each tied with two colored ribbons. And at a silk manufacturers' banquet there were blocks of what looked like colored ribbon wound on the circles, just as it appears in the stores. One lady who has a great reputation for a beautiful hand and wrist, had them modeled for ice-cream molds for her wedding anniversary party.

Non-Refillable Bottle.—A large number of letters have been received since the *Ledger* published the item on bottles that cannot be refilled without detection after the original contents have been removed. There must be a very widespread interest in the subject, judging from the communications. J. H., G. W. M. and others are referred to the *Scientific American* of November 30th for all the information thus far available. No doubt, now that the matter has awakened general interest, there will be definite offers made, and these will be put in available form.

Characters in Books.—Small Boy asks if the characters in Miss Louisa M. Alcott's book, "Little Women," are taken from life. If so, who was Jo, and is she still living, and where does she live? *Answer:* Almost all characters in books are taken from some individuals known to the writers. We cannot say who Jo may have been, but she certainly was a most admirable character, and it would be a pleasure to know that such a person really existed. Perhaps some of the *Ledger* readers can give this Small Boy the precise information he wants.

Address.—F. R. C. desires the address of Mr. Antonio de Navarro, the banker. *Answer:* We cannot give his present address. No doubt you could get the desired information by writing to the President of the New York Stock Exchange.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

A New Chimney. An ingenious method of making chimneys has recently been invented. It looks very well on paper, and may prove serviceable in houses where there is extreme solidity in the construction, or where it can be so arranged that vibration is reduced to a minimum. The chimney is made of sections of pipe after the fashion of ordinary drain-tile. These sections are set one over another with laps like joints of stove-pipe. There are inner flues for cold air, in consequence of which the outside of the pipe is not likely to be overheated. The objection to this chimney is that, as in high winds buildings sway more or less, the pipe is liable to be crushed and become extremely dangerous on account of cracks and flaws. The ordinary brick chimney is in itself a support to a cheaply-constructed dwelling; but this new device neither furnishes support nor yields in any way to the oscillation of a building in a high wind.

A Valuable Antiseptic. Experiments have been made with oxycyanide of mercury in hospital wards and in isolated cases of contagious diseases. The results show that as an antiseptic this substance has very great value. As a sterilizer, it is declared unequaled, as it destroys some of the most dangerous germs, among others those that are capable of resisting a temperature of 212° Fahrenheit. It must, however, be employed with the greatest care, and thus far is not considered safe except in the most skillful hands, as, being a poison, it is likely to kill not only the disease germs, but the patient as well if carelessly used. Mercury oxycyanide does not affect steel instruments, and this fact is of the utmost importance, as many valuable germ destroyers corrode instruments to such an extent that they become practically worthless, or must be continually watched and worked over.

Steel Ceilings. The serious accidents caused by the falling of plaster ceilings have brought forward ideas of metal ceilings, and these are likely to come into general use, especially for public buildings and large rooms. In all buildings where water-pipes run, there is a possibility of leakage. Water may spread over all the ceiling and by its weight and softening qualities, loosen the entire sheet of plaster. This may be done without a suspicion of the mischief that is going on. Cracked ceilings are less dangerous. They rarely fall, because through the openings the water passes away. It is in the perfect ceiling that the danger lies. A metal sheet is much safer, and in addition may be arranged with a drainage pipe so that walls and rooms are freed from all risk of damage by water.

An Example of Impure Air. A large jar or stone pot smaller at the top than the bottom, or covered so as to leave only a small opening, may have a rubber tube dropped into it, through which the experimenter may expel his breath for some seconds. After continuing this for a short time, a lighted taper may be carefully lowered into the jar. The flame will begin to waver and die down, and will shortly expire, finding not sufficient vitality in the air to support it. When one compares the size of the stone pot with that of the ordinary room, and realizes that exhaled breath is insufficient to support the flame of a candle, it is not difficult to understand why children and delicate people pine away and die on account of impure atmosphere.

The Destruction of Trees. Attention is called to the fact that a great many trees through which electric wires pass are dead. After heavy rains many of these trees begin to droop and die. The leaves, saturated with moisture, lead the current down into the body of the tree. The companies claim that all of the wires are insulated, but constant swinging among the branches cuts off the covering, and the wire becomes bare. A great deal of complaint is being made, and suits are to be brought against the electric companies. Certain it is that if there is good ground for complaint, something ought to be done at once, as our beautiful shade trees should not be sacrificed in this way.

The Poplar as a Lightning Conductor. A careful examination of the trees that are struck by lightning shows that over half of them are white poplar. From this fact scientists conclude that the poplar has some value as a conductor of lightning. This being the case, agriculturists are advised to plant these trees in the vicinity of their farm buildings. An additional suggestion is the attaching of lightning rods to two or three of the tallest of these trees. This will, it is stated, almost absolutely insure buildings against being destroyed by electric storms.

New Uses for Glass. By a new process, glass is made to appear like wood with a very high polish. It is used in windows and gives a peculiarly subdued and agreeable light. The glass is put through what might be called a veneering process, being coated with a liquid that represents the wood which it is desired to imitate. The color after drying is varnished over and slightly heated. Sometimes shadings are applied to bring out the tint, then the glass is again varnished and thoroughly dried and is fit for use.

An Emergency Coat. A doctor's storm-coat has been devised that has points of advantage. It has inside pockets arranged to contain all the instruments needed for ordinary use. In case the doctor wishes to be ready at an instant's warning, he may keep a special set of instruments in this coat, then he has merely to put it on, and need consume no time in selecting the articles he is likely to require.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Fashion and Fancy. It is all very well for designers and manufacturers to go to work and, with infinite pain and expense, put a novelty on the market, but it is quite another thing for the public to accept it and make it a success. Sometimes, without any discoverable reason, a material that one might naturally fancy had been in market long enough to wear out its welcome, and is about to be shelved or slid off on to the bargain counter, takes a new lease of life, and the demand for it is so urgent and widespread that the manufacturers have no choice but again to bring it forward and offer it among the high novelties that they have made such an effort to prepare for the fastidious and exclusive trade that always calls for something new and an abundance of it.

Crape-surfaced goods have been a surprise and a puzzle to importers all through the latter part of the past winter. For a time they seemed to drag badly in the market, and everything indicated the end of their popularity. Indeed, many merchants had decided to leave crape goods out of their orders, and confine themselves to smooth-surfaced fabrics and the extreme novelties that were promised in abundance, when, lo and behold, everybody began to call for novelties in crape-surfaced goods and rough materials. Of course, the merchant had no choice, neither had the manufacturer, and the looms began work on crape goods. Importers who had stocks of them on hand brightened up, and found themselves in possession of something extremely valuable, and the demand went far ahead of the supply all through the first weeks of the opening trade.

Aside from crape novelties—and there are several of these without important features other than their exquisite quality and finish—there are many handsome fabrics with rough surfaces. One of these has a ground not unlike sewing-silk grenadine. Over this are uncut velvet figures in contrasting colors. One pattern has a ground of gold and heliotrope with very dark maroon figures; another is in olive and cardinal with dark-olive figures.

An extreme novelty has a ground of the thinnest tissue with stripes made of heavy cords woven lengthwise of the fabric. The warp makes an almost transparent gauze. This is specially handsome over silks of appropriate colors. These fabrics come in blue and cardinal, écru, dark-green, green and cardinal, maroon and green and pale-blue.

A very thin tissue of all-wool has woven stripes of silk and little knots of mohair over the surface. The stripes are about four threads wide, about half an inch apart, and run lengthwise of the material. This comes in a full line of colors. A particularly handsome fabric is of silk and wool twisted together, the effect being not unlike a silk homespun. The colors are mostly combinations in very bright shades.

There are thick wool homespuns in all popular shades and combinations, and cheviots are in excellent demand for tailor suits, bicycle costumes and ordinary serviceable wear. A pretty boucle fabric has soft little rings of wool in blue, light-brown, gray, pink, white and yellow, the colors being exquisitely blended, and although at first glance they appear to be thrown in carelessly, study reveals the most perfect method in their combining. These goods show almost all popular tints and combinations, and an exceptionally attractive one is in very dark blue, soft gray and dust brown.

Whipcords are among the popular goods, and are shown in solid colors and mixtures of two tints, these being extremely stylish and handsome.

Black and white will be popular in combination; a pepper-and-salt fabric made of black mohair and white spun silk has attracted much attention. The weave is very loose and soft, but the threads are closely interlocked, making a much more durable fabric than at first glance one might imagine.

Plain-surfaced black goods are in excellent demand, and very large orders have been placed for the Priestley silk warp clairettes and Eudoras that are the perfection of light and heavy silk-mixed, smooth-surfaced goods. Provident women are making up their midsummer costumes now, and those who have had experience consider their wardrobe incomplete without one of these exquisite clairettes. The fabric is not affected either by moisture, sun, salt air or any other of the exposures that summer outings entail. When to extreme lightness is added beauty of texture and fine wearing qualities, this goods becomes unapproachable for midsummer serviceable wear.

Fashion Notes. Some extravagantly handsome, full-length wraps are made of black satin. They are lined with very elegant brocade in light tint, and have capes of velvet edged with rich fur. A wrap of this sort recently seen on Fifth Avenue had a rolled-back collar and revers of Russian sable. The cut, fit and finish were sufficiently handsome to attract all the eyes on the street at an hour when that great thoroughfare is noted for the rich walking-costumes there displayed.

A stylish waist is of spotted crepon. It has a deep square yoke of velvet, edged with embroidered galloon with metal threads. From the side seams to the bodice point are wide bands of velvet ribbon. Three of these on each side meet at the bodice and are finished with a large bow. The velvet collar has large bows on either side of the front, and the enormous football sleeves have galloon bands at the elbows.

A new travelling outfit is made of wool material in a medium shade of brown, with large cross-bars making checks four or five inches across. The dress is cut in Princesse fashion, and has a very full cape ruffle sewed in around the collar, and falling over the tops of the sleeves.

A novelty waist is made of silk in clan plaid. The fullness is gathered into the belt and collar, and wide epaulets and revers of velvet are used as trimming.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

(Continued.)

Velvet of all kinds is worn in profusion. Many ladies wear velvet skirts either in black or any of the cloth shades, with very light waists fancifully made and trimmed. One costume reverses this order, the skirt being of sage-green and the waist of black crepon of the finest quality. The waist is lavishly trimmed with lace and Dresden ribbon, with a ground matching the color of the velvet skirt.

There are few departures in sleeves, the balloon or football sleeve still holding its own. A novelty is a sleeve of crepon arranged in lengthwise puffs from shoulders to wrists. The puffs grow wider toward the top, and below the elbows are scarcely more than half an inch wide. The fullness near the shoulders is further increased by fluffy ruffles of the material, edged with narrow Dresden ribbon.

A handsome travelling wrap is made of plum-colored cloth, with velvet revers, collar and cuffs. It is lined with soft satin and closed with very large buttons.

For information, thanks are due to Messrs. B. Altman & Co., James McCreery & Co. and Arnold, Constable & Co.

Use of Enamel Paints.

The woman who has not learned the uses and beauties of enamel paints has a great pleasure in store for herself, provided she is fond of amateur decoration and beautifying her home.

Motives of economy often stand in the way of the use of enamel paints, for, purchased in the shops in the tiny pots in which most of this material is furnished, it is a costly luxury. But the wise and practical woman buys a keg of white paint, a good-sized can of coach varnish and a quantity of spirits of turpentine. The paint is thinned with the turpentine until it is easily worked, then the varnish is added. Sometimes it is more desirable to mix the paint and varnish first, working them together until perfectly smooth. To about one quart of the clear, white paint add varnish until it can be stirred with ease, then put in turpentine until it spreads smoothly with the brush and does not stay in ridges or lines on the wood. Do not make it too thin, or it will run and grow sticky. For new wood use a little more turpentine, but make this in a separate dish. When the first coat is well dried in, which it must be to work easily, being put on so that no lumps remain, take the thick, prepared enamel, strain it through a cheese-cloth, letting it drip without pressing, and lay it on with a fine brush as thick as it will go on well. Put on a small quantity at a time—never make the mistake of having the brush too full of paint. Let the articles dry in a room as nearly as possible without dust. If there is a register, lay a thick cloth over it, and if the articles are very delicate, throw a light cloth over each door before closing. Weather-stripped windows will do without further preparation, unless there is a strong wind blowing, when some closing-in is necessary, even to the tacking of thick cloth over the windows themselves.

No good results can be achieved when enamel is allowed to become dusty. When the surface of the painted wood is thoroughly dry examine it, and if any roughness appears, smooth it with a very fine sand-paper, then rub with a cloth slightly wet with boiled linseed oil. Rub this off carefully, let the article stand a day or two, and apply another coat of paint.

Ivory white is one of the most beautiful of tints, but one may have any shade of yellow, pink, blue or pale green, by adding the tiniest bit of fine powder color or even a tube of paint. This, however, should be well mixed with turpentine and strained before adding. Put it in little more than a drop at a time and stir continually, or the color may get too high. It is surprising how small an amount changes the tint.

Doors of bookcases, bookshelves, tables, chamber sets and all wooden articles may be made extremely beautiful by a little judicious application of enamel paint. Gilding may be put on at pleasure, and is best applied, either with gold size or, if great care is exercised, the exact size and shape of the gold may be sketched out in the white enamel, then the bronze powder may be sprinkled on and left until dry. Rub this down when thoroughly dry with an instrument, then a coating of gold size and another application of powder makes an extremely nice job. Picture frames and cabinets are very dainty when finished in all gold after this method.

Casters on Stove Legs.

That the use of well-arranged, accurately adjusted rollers is a great saving of labor is undeniable, but not every article should be thus equipped. The notion of putting casters on stove-legs is one that is not likely to receive the indorsement of strictly practical persons. The stove is emphatically a stationary article.

One of the great drawbacks to successful and permanent plumbing is the fact that the stove frequently works loose, slides out of place and cracks the couplings or strains the pipes. If this is the case with the stove without casters, it is not difficult to imagine what would be the condition if rollers were attached. This would be a continual source of danger, not only to plumbing, but on account of fires. The pipes would naturally work apart; even the jarring of ordinary wind storms could have this effect, and conflagrations would be the inevitable end of such an invention.

The rollers might do well enough if a clamp were attached with teeth to press into the floor after the stove was located; but a simple roller without such attachment would be a constant menace not only to plumbing, but to the safety of the dwelling as well.

Wine Sauce.

Three-quarters of a cup of butter beaten to a cream. Then add two cups of powdered sugar. Beat well, and stir in one tablespoonful of corn starch wet in half a cup of cold water. Cook until thick. Then add one-half cup of wine.

Patterns.

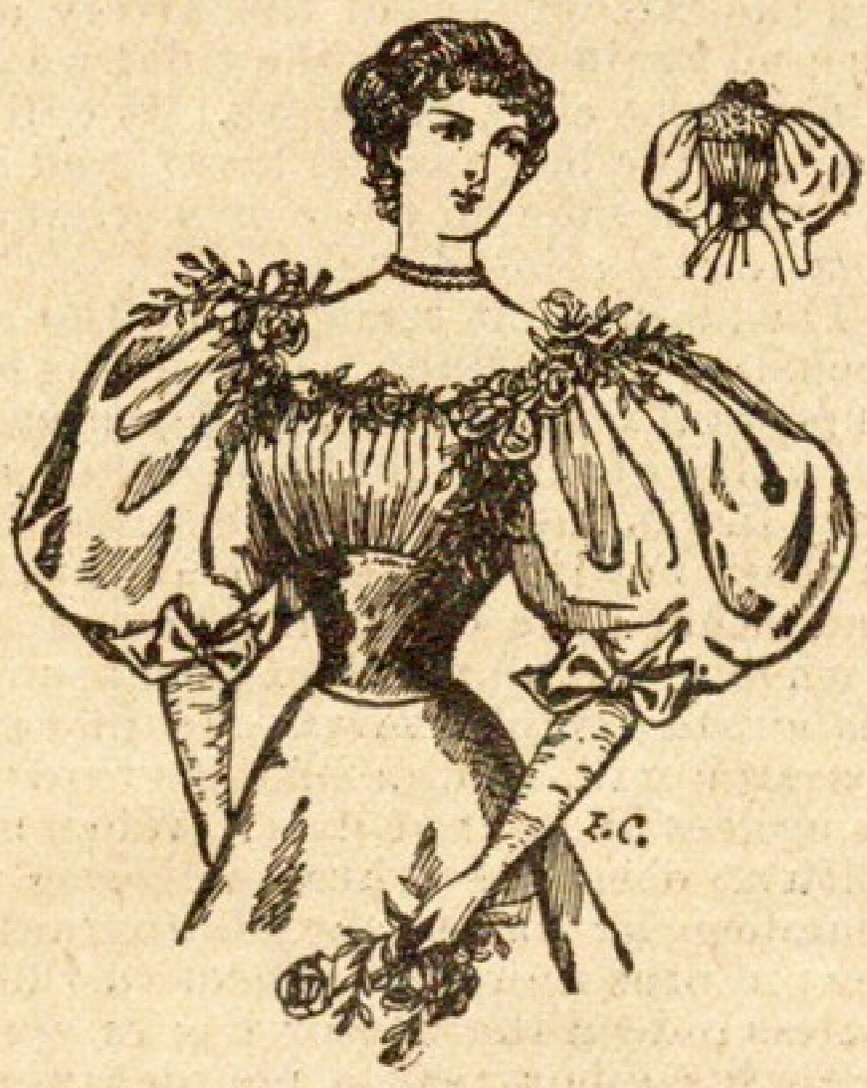
We have made special arrangements by which we can supply our readers with dress-patterns by mail, prepaid, at the nominal price of ten cents per pattern.

Each issue of the *Ledger*, hereafter, will contain illustrations of two or more new styles, for which patterns will be supplied to order. Parties ordering will please use a small sheet of plain writing-paper, small enough to go into an ordinary envelope, write name very plainly and give post-office and State, together with street and number, wherever necessary. Be careful to give correct bust-measure and the number of the pattern desired, using the number under the illustration. Inclose ten cents in stamps for each pattern ordered. State that you are a reader of the *Ledger*, otherwise these patterns will cost you 25, 30 or 35 cents each, as the case may be, these being the regular prices for which the patterns are sold.

The patterns selected for illustration in this issue are numbered 6647, 6650 and 6682.

Ladies' Waist, With Girdle in Marie Antoinette Style.

White mousseline de soie is here daintily made up over pink satin, the deep Empire belt being of the plain unveiled satin. The waist, which is shown arranged for evening wear, is beautifully decorated with blush pink roses in their foliage. The sleeves are in elbow length and finished with a band and tie bow of pink-satin ribbon. The arrangement of this stylish waist is made over glove-fitted linings that close in center front, and full fronts and back being gathered and applied at square yoke depth. The upper portion of linings can be covered with lace over satin (as shown in back view) or with silk, velvet or other contrasting fabric if a high neck be desired, and the sleeves made full length of material to match the waist. The Empire belt is shaped with under-arm seams and closed invisibly at the left side. It can be made over a fitted lining, if so preferred, the shaping being provided by the waist pattern. The full gigot sleeves of satin are covered with mousseline, gathered at the top and arranged over comfortable linings. Waists in this style are highly favored, as they are adapted both for day and evening wear, the material and decoration employed making all the change required by the mode.



6647—LADIES' WAIST, WITH GIRDLE IN MARIE. ANTOINETTE STYLE

Pattern **6647** is cut in sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

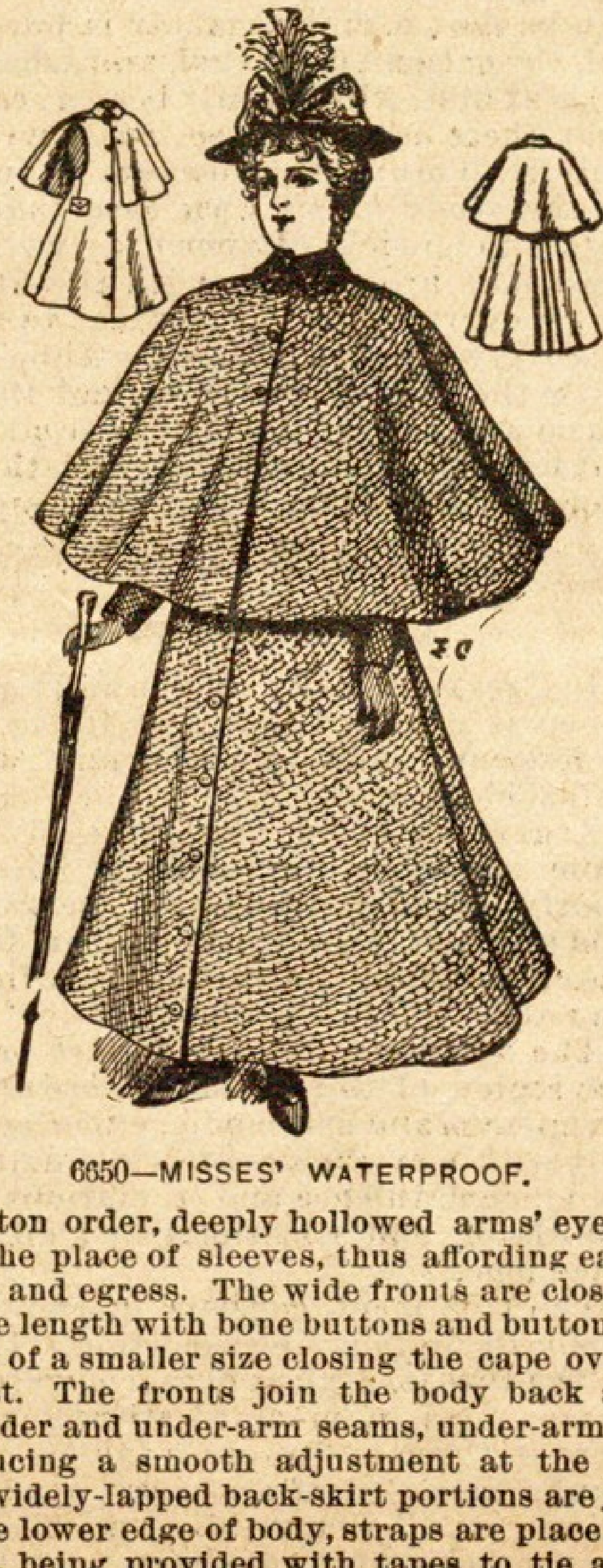
Quantity of Material 44 Inches Wide.

For 32 inches	bust	measure	....	3	yds.
" 36	"	"	"	3¼	"
" 40	"	"	"	3½	"

Retail price of pattern **6647** is 25 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

Misses' Waterproof.

Mixed tweed in brown, écru and blue, rendered thoroughly waterproof in the finish, made this useful top garment, that affords perfect protection in inclement weather. The cloak is of the skeleton order, deeply hollowed arms' eyes taking the place of sleeves, thus affording easy ingress and egress. The wide fronts are closed the entire length with bone buttons and buttonholes, three of a smaller size closing the cape over the breast. The fronts join the body back at the shoulder and under-arm seams, under-arm darts producing a smooth adjustment at the sides. The widely-lapped back-skirt portions are joined to the lower edge of body, straps are place at the sides, being provided with tapes to tie around the waist and hold the back in position. The back can be made open or closed, as preferred. Deep pockets, with laps, are stitched on at convenient depth on each front. The cape extends well below the hips, and is of fashionable but not exaggerated width, single darts fitting the shoulders. A rolling collar finishes the neck, which can be raised for better protection in stormy weather. The cape can be finished with the collar separately and worn with or without the cloak. Medium or light-weight waterproof cloths are usually chosen for cloaks of this kind.



6650—MISSES' WATERPROOF.

Pattern **6650** is cut in sizes for 10, 12, 14 and 16-year-old Misses.

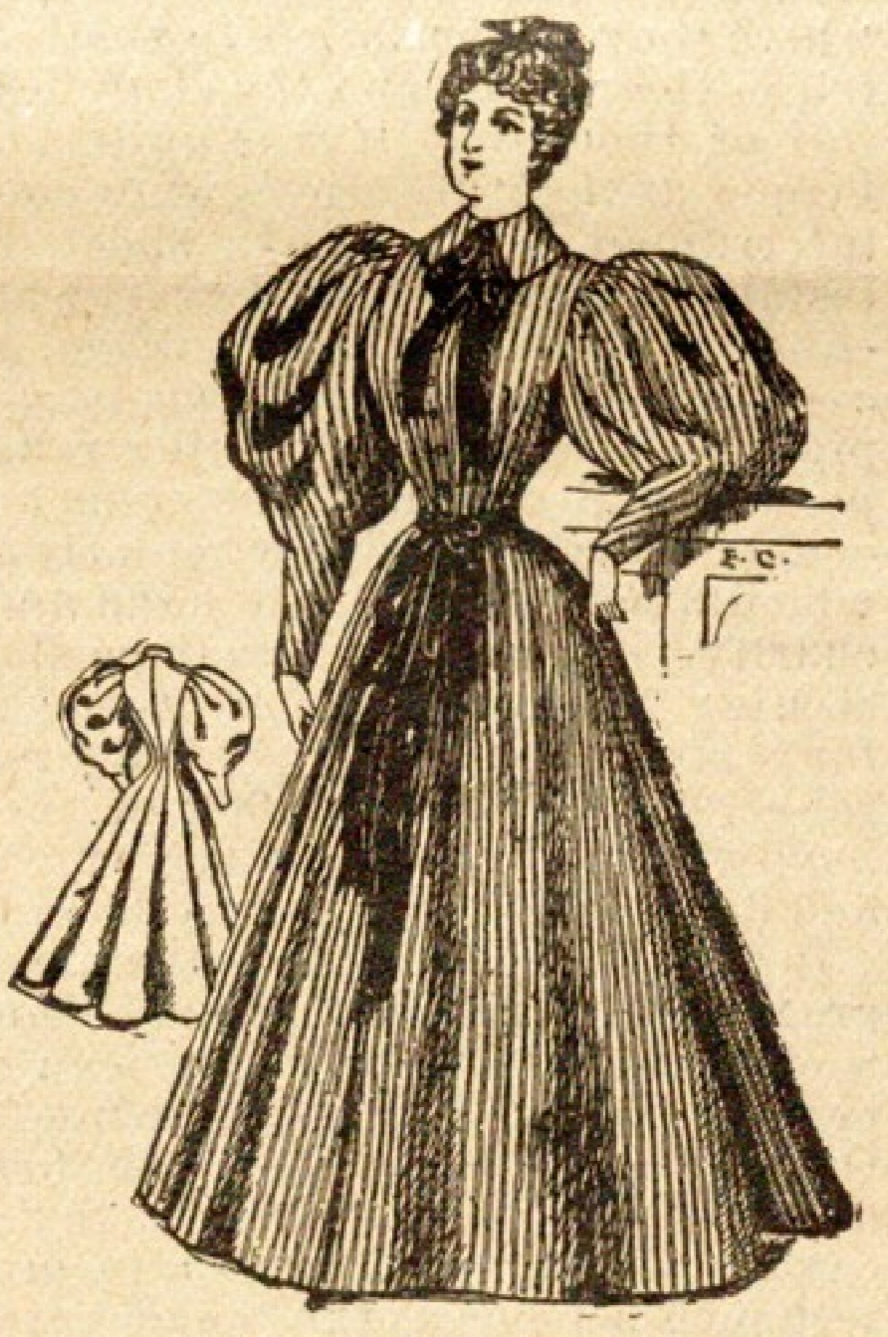
Quantity of Material 54 Inches Wide.

For Misses 10 years old	....	4¾	yds.
" 14 "	....	5	"
" 16 "	....	5¼	"

Retail price of pattern **6650** is 35 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

Ladies' Wrapper.

Striped gingham made this neat, tidy and useful house gown, or work dress, the simple decoration being a bow of ribbon at the throat and a semi-girdle of the same tied in a bow with ends confining the fullness at the waist-line. The wrapper is shaped in Princesse style, the loose fronts being arranged over dart-fitted linings of basque length. The back is close-fitting, side back and under-arm gores completing the close adjustment at the sides, each gore being widened below the waist-line to produce the stylish rippled effect now fashionable. Buttons and buttonholes close the fronts, and the neck is finished with a turn-over collar, which can be omitted in favor of a close, standing collar if preferred, both styles being provided by the pattern. The leg-o'-mutton sleeves are fashionably full, being gathered at the top over comfortable linings and plainly completed at the wrists. Outing and French flannel, cashmere, crepon, sateen, percale, batiste, lawn, gingham and all pretty wool or cotton wash fabrics will develop gracefully by this simple mode, which can be easily laundered when soiled. Embroidery, lace or a fancy batiste collar can be used to elaborate this simple wrapper and convert it into a pretty home gown.



6682—LADIES' WRAPPER.

Pattern **6682** is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

Quantity of Material 44 Inches Wide.

For 32 inches	bust	measure	..	8¼	yd.
" 36	"	"	" ..	8½	"
" 40	"	"	" ..	8¾	"
" 42	"	"	" ..	9	"

Retail price of pattern **6682** is 35 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

The Complexion and Its Indications.

A red, florid complexion denotes determination of the blood to the head, or a full habit of body. White, cold, dead-white complexion of young females at the critical age denotes a difficulty in sexual transition, green sickness, or chlorosis.

Faint-yellow complexion usually denotes intestinal disease—disease of the bowels. Deep yellow complexion, on the other hand, jaundice or organic disease of the liver.

Pallid complexion, with meagerness, want of fullness of the skin, commonly points to the stomach and intestinal canal as the seat of disorder, and may be caused by obnoxious or impure matters therein, or acidity of the stomach. With a drawn, sunken appearance it denotes spasm; with puffiness, constitutional weakness, qualified by sluggish circulation or congestion, or excess of the watery constituents of the blood, or by deficiency of blood (*anæmia*).

Patchy redness of the complexion, redness as of a flush spot on the cheek, denotes hectic.

Sudden and total change in the complexion is to be considered as a serious manifestation.

Livid spots may, in advanced age, lead to an apprehension of apoplexy, from accumulations of blood upon important organs; the general indication, however, is that of a putrescent condition of the blood, as associated with scorbutic habit of body.

Blue or livid complexion, organic affection of the heart.

Straw-colored complexion leads to the suspicion of a cancerous constitution.

Omelet Souffle.

The whites of six eggs beaten to a very stiff froth. The yolks of three eggs beaten light. To them add three tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar and the juice of one lemon. Then add the whites of the eggs. Put in a greased pan and bake twenty minutes. Serve hot.

Broiled Potatoes.

Peel some cold, boiled potatoes; cut in thick slices, season with salt and pepper, dip in butter, broil nicely and serve with melted butter.

The Coal-Bin.

A bright little woman who has been studying architecture is giving attention to some of the wretchedly managed affairs about the average house. She has just finished a series of plans for houses that comprehend more sensible points than the ordinary domicile is blessed with. Among the other bits of missionary work, she has undertaken to reform the coal-bin, and most housekeepers will cheerfully admit that there is very urgent need for reform in this direction. As a usual thing, the coal-bin is a place partitioned off in one corner of the cellar, if, indeed, it is partitioned off at all. In some cellars the coal is simply dumped on the floor, to rattle where it pleases and roll where it lists. If there is a partition, it is shoulder high, perhaps, and made of loose boards. The coal-man comes and shovels in the black diamonds, and diamond-dust covers every article from the cellar floor to the attic; for of all penetrating substances, coal-dust has the faculty of getting through the smallest crevices. Butter, milk, jellies, dainties of all sorts, china, table-linen—everything is smutched.

My lady does things better than this. There is a good-sized porch at the front of the house, and a thin, inexpensive wall is laid on a level with the cellar floor up to the floor of the porch. A doorway is left in the main wall, and a closely-fitting door, with carefully adjusted weather strips, shuts off all communication from the coal-cellar to the cellar proper. A pipe is laid from this coal-cellar out to the street line. If the sod is terraced, a little trap lifts up to admit the shute through which the coal is unloaded. This part of the arrangement depends upon the lay of the ground and the situation of the dwelling. The pipe is on a pitch, so that the coal slides through easily, and inside there are guide-ways to bins for the various kinds of coal. Such a place may be arranged to hold five or six tons, a storage convenience highly appreciated by almost all persons.

Coal is always lower in price during some portion of the summer months, and a supply can be put in for a large part of the season.

Such a device as this is in striking contrast to some of the houses in which the renting public has to live. Imagine a house where the coal must be carried from the wagon in a basket to the cellar, and that, too, where a very little care and expense would furnish facilities for the easy unloading of this necessary article. A house without a coal-bin that can be tightly closed to keep out the dust is a very badly constructed dwelling. What shall be said of those that in addition to this are so fixed that all of the coal must be carried on the backs of men in baskets and dumped through some more or less inconvenient window or down through a stairway into the makeshift that serves as a bin!

Coffee Custard in Cups.

Mix well eight egg-yolks with eight ounces of sugar; dilute with six custard-cups of boiling milk, and a good cupful of black coffee; pass through a fine strainer, fill the cups, and put them in a low pan with boiling water to half their height; take off the froth that may rise to the surface, cover the pan, and let simmer gently for twenty minutes. When the custard is well set, let cool in the water, drain, wipe the cups and serve cold.

Broiled Steak with Onion Sauce.

Season a medium-sized sirloin steak with salt and pepper and broil. Dish up, pour onion sauce over and serve. ONION SAUCE.—Slice fine four onions, fry light-brown in butter, add half a pint of brown gravy and a ladleful of broth, salt and pepper. Reduce to a proper consistency and finish with chopped parsley and a few drops of vinegar.

Broiled Mushrooms.

Use large, fresh mushrooms, pare the stalks, wash carefully, drain in a cloth, season with salt and pepper, baste with oil and broil on a double gridiron over a brisk fire; dish up on thin bread-toast, press lemon juice and pour melted butter over and serve.

Orange Sauce.

Put in a saucepan four egg-yolks, three ounces of sugar, a tablespoonful of flour, the rind of an orange, grated or chopped fine. Mix well, add a pint of boiling milk, stir on the fire until it thickens. Add a wineglass of curaçoa, and beat with a small wire whip until the sauce is frothy.

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BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING.

AMONG THE TRAMPS.

BY FRANK B. SANBORN,

Secretary of the Social Science Association.

"Unsettled questions," said the French statesman, "have no pity for the repose of nations." The illustrations of this maxim which we have so recently seen in the field of international politics are equaled in their recurrence by certain social problems that are continually reappearing, and not always under new forms. The drink question is one of these; the tramp problem is another. Intimately as the two evils of drunkenness and mendicancy are related, they must yet be dealt with separately; for it is not found possible to make root-and-branch work of either, and still less of the two combined. One reason is that the police, who have to arrest tramps, drunk or sober, are not themselves always free from the worst cause of tramping—the abuse of liquor. "What brought you here?" said the judge to the tramp. "Two policemen, your Honor." "I mean, had liquor anything to do with it?" "Oh, yes, your Honor, they were both drunk," was the smart reply. If it were not for the fraternity that exists between the seller of bad liquor, the lower class of police and the boosing vagabond, the mischief which the last-named can do to the community and to himself would be much diminished.

Upon this point the persistent researches of Professor McCook, of Hartford, are invaluable. In papers read at the Social Science Congress of Saratoga, in 1894, and the New Haven Conference of Charities, in May, 1895, he has shown what an almost incredible amount of strong drink goes into the tramp, and how he obtains it under various pretexts from the easy-going philanthropist and the sympathetic barkeeper. In a single grog-shop in Hartford (euphonically termed a "saloon") a single tramp spends from $1 to $1.50 a day when he is in town, and that is very often. "At an open-air feast which I witnessed a few weeks ago," said Professor McCook, at New Haven, "there were certainly three gallons of drink to every one of soup; and before it was over two men were lying dead drunk, two were so drunk as to be barely able to move and talk, and two or three others were intoxicated." This is a feature of the problem that is not so commonly remembered as it ought to be; if it were, it would be made much harder for the roving tribe to get liquor.

Even more surprising is Professor McCook's statement about the antecedents of the tramping caste. "In the first place, the average tramp is originally a laborer, and a skilled one. He has a trade generally; and in any case he began by working, and he works more or less now. He is even an unusually intelligent and skilled mechanic in many instances. In our foundries, the best workman is the tramp molder." This is, no doubt, because the highly-skilled workman (a printer, for example) is often the most tempted to drink, and then, in any pressure of hard times, the drinking workman, especially if unmarried, is first discharged, and goes "on the tramp." A few months often will disqualify him for steady work afterward, for nothing, not even war, so quickly demoralizes a man as tramping. "Beggars and suppliants," says Homer, "are sent from Jove;" but if Jove had known his business, he would have put them to almost any other use before sending them on such a missionary service. Odysseus himself, with a goddess to look after him at every pinch, grew worse and worse during his wanderings, and would have spent much time in the lock-ups of modern days if his pilgrimages, like those of the Wandering Jew, his legitimate successor, had been continued down to our time.

The geometric curve of the tramping wave, in times of industrial depression, and soon after, has been carefully calculated by this Hartford mathematician; the sine and the tangent are accurately laid down for this social movement which, at first thought, seems to be all tangent. Not so; in time there is a return toward the social circumference by this centrifugal chain of atoms. Using as his basis of computation the careful returns of vagrancy in Massachusetts (which I began to require more than thirty years ago, when secretary of the Board of State Charities, and which I continued and systematized, as inspector of Charities in Massachusetts from 1879 to 1888), Professor McCook shows that in the two marked periods of "hard times" since 1870—in 1873 and 1893—the gain in the number of tramps was sudden and great, but that it continued to rise for several years in the first period, and for a shorter time in the second. His remark on the apparent rise in 1878, in consequence of the railroad strikes of 1877–78, does not seem quite supported by the facts, although there was a slight gain in that year, and a decided fall in the year 1879. He is correct, however, in ascribing the gain in years following the worst pressure, to the habit of vagabondage once formed, and seldom wholly cured.

In any particular region, however, this habit can be broken up by severe laws well enforced; or even by a milder system steadily followed for years, as was done in 1790–95, by Count Rumford, a Massachusetts philanthropist transplanted to Bavaria. As the record of this suppression of vagrancy in Munich and its neighborhood, though often mentioned, is very well known, I will cite from the London edition of Rumford's essays in 1797 (reprinted in Boston in 1798) the count's exact words. It will be remembered that, as Benjamin Thompson, he was born in Woburn, near Boston, established himself in Concord, N. H. (then called Rumford), where he married and became Colonel Thompson; in 1775, at the opening of the Revolution, went abroad, and ten years after was in the service of the Elector of Bavaria, who gave him his title of nobility, taken from the New England town, where he had first married. He says:

"In Bavaria beggary had become so general that extraordinary measures and the most indefatigable exertions were necessary to put a stop to the evil. The number of itinerant beggars, of both sexes and all ages, who strolled about the country, levying contributions from the industrious inhabitants, stealing and robbing, and leading a life of indolence and the most shameless debauchery, was quite incredible. They not only infested all the streets, public walks and public places, but they even made a practice of going into private houses, where they never failed to steal whatever fell in their way; and the churches were so full of them that it was quite a nuisance. People at their devotions were continually interrupted by them. In short, these detestable vermin swarmed everywhere. The children in every country village, and those even of the best farmers, made a constant practice of begging from all strangers who passed; and one hardly ever met a person on foot upon the road, particularly a woman, who did not hold out her hand and ask for charity. In the four years immediately succeeding the introduction of the measures for clearing the country of beggars, thieves, robbers, etc., above 10,000 of these vagabonds, foreign and native, were arrested and delivered over to the civil magistrates."

It will thus be seen that the mischief was greater in the neighborhood of Munich than it ever has been in any American city—the population in 1790 being about 60,000 in that town and its suburbs. The first step to abate it was to canton four regiments of cavalry throughout Bavaria, in order to arrest such persons as the magistrates wished to dispose of. This done, arrangements were systematically made to relieve all actual poverty and to furnish relief in exchange for work. The city was divided into sixteen districts, with an average of less than 4,000 people in each and a commissary of the poor, assisted by a priest, a physician, a surgeon and an apothecary, took charge of each district. These almoners attended to all applications from the poor and saw that aid was rendered in proper form, without waste or delay. Then came the arrest of the beggars and their commitment to a workhouse to earn their own living by work. This took place New Year's day, 1790, and was managed with the aid of the officers of three infantry regiments and the principal magistrates of Munich. Count Rumford says:

"We immediately sallied out into the streets—myself, accompanied by the chief magistrate, and each of the field officers by an inferior magistrate. We had hardly got into the street when we were accosted by a beggar. I went up to him and, laying my hand gently on his shoulder, told him that from thenceforward begging would not be permitted in Munich; that if he really stood in need of assistance it should certainly be given him, and if he was detected in begging again he would be severely punished. I then delivered him over to an orderly sergeant, who was following me, with directions to conduct him to the Town Hall. Then, turning to the officers and magistrates who accompanied me, I begged they would take notice that I had with my own hands arrested the first beggar we had met, and I requested them to follow my example by arresting all the beggars they should meet with. These gentlemen dispersed into different parts of the town, and, with the assistance of the military, in less than an hour the town was so thoroughly cleared of beggars that not one was to be found in the streets."

This was summary work. Those arrested were registered at the Town Hall and then sent home, but with directions to come next day to the Military Workhouse, where they would find warm rooms, a warm dinner and work for all who could work. They were further notified that their needs should be inquired into and weekly allowances in money be given to such as really had need of it. These measures were followed up, day by day, and the business of tramping was soon made unprofitable.

Meantime, the poor were set to spinning hemp, flax and wool, for which they were paid, and at the Military Workhouse the manufacture of clothing for the Bavarian Army was carried on with success. The proportion of poor persons aided by charity continued to be large in Munich—about 800 out of 60,000—but the peculiar mischief arising from public begging and from tramping was remedied for the time. This was made easier by the military conditions of the country, enabling the poor to find occupation in armies, and these to be used for the suppression of vagrancy; but the principles upon which Rumford acted, if steadily pursued, will secure a like result elsewhere.

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—The natives of Burmah believe that people born on a Monday are zealous; on Tuesday, honest; Wednesday, quick-tempered; Thursday, mild; Friday, talkative; Saturday, hot-tempered and quarrelsome; while Sunday's children will be parsimonious.

THE NEW LIGHT.

No discovery of modern times has created such a profound sensation and promises so much as the new light by means of which the entire interior of the body may be photographed. The old joke about taking off one's flesh to sit in his bones may be true as far as the picture is concerned, and before we are aware of it we may receive presents of the skeletons of our friends—indeed, we may be able to catch with the camera the much-talked-of skeletons that are supposed to be hidden away in our closets. Hitherto, the only way to have these faithfully portrayed has been to run for office or get mixed up in a public scandal. But, jesting aside, the new light has possibilities that make even the wildest dreams of humanitarians fade into nothingness.

True, there are to be found croakers and conservatives who can never see anything good in new discoveries, but these are comparatively few and are in most cases found among those who are so wedded to old methods and so handicapped by traditions that they are in the predicament described by the son of the Emerald Isle when he said that his "boss never accepted anything new until it got to be old." It argues nothing that the light penetrates flesh and stops at bones. If it can do that, it must be possible to so tone it down as to make it penetrate just as far as one chooses. The prediction is made that within a twelvemonth the light can be so focused that it will enter an artery and photograph the blood as it flows, leaving the farther side of the artery as background against which the tidal wave of the life-current ebbs and flows. It will pass as far into the body as the heart, and one may see this wonderful piece of mechanism performing its alloted task.

The main point seems to be the accurate focusing of the light, as upon this the most important results depend. The great practical value of this light in medicine and surgery lies in the fact that accurate diagnosis is possible without pain, the most thorough and exhaustive examination can be made with light rays, and all of the expensive and elaborate paraphernalia for exploration and research will, after a time, be thrown aside as useless and out of date. When a patient with an obscure or chronic disease wants a diagnosis he goes to the photographer, gets his pictures and takes them to the doctor, unless indeed the doctor has in connection with his laboratory a photographic annex where he takes his own pictures in his own way.

There will be one most amazing feature in the theory and practice of medicine that will come of this new light. A skillful physician will never make a mistake in diagnosis. Exploratory and experimental examination and treatment come to an end as soon as this marvel is brought into the doctor's work.

Aside from its immediate value and uses, the new method will be advantageous in that it will demand a higher standard of medicine. A correct diagnosis is of little value if the physician is unable to prescribe the remedy. Of course, it may be some satisfaction to the victim to know what he is going to die of, but it will be infinitely more gratifying to him when he is convinced that his doctor is able to cope with the conditions as they develop.

This new discovery will do more toward ridding the profession of quacks than any measure that has ever been devised. Given a correct diagnosis, and if the disease is simple and uncomplicated, the patient has common sense enough to know that only the bungler or charlatan is going to make very serious mistakes. There will also be another advantage. Imaginary diseases will be photographed out of existence. When it can be shown that a malady is purely mental, the patient, disgusted, and ashamed perhaps at first, will speedily become convinced that there is nothing seriously wrong, and will in all probability become so interested in the study of his own case that he will forget to be sick. Laymen as well as professionals are reading with the utmost interest everything that pertains to this new discovery. Every advance will be watched with the closest attention, and the enthusiasm awakened by it will have an important bearing on the general education of the more intelligent masses of the people.

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ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.

Indigestion may be sudden and temporary, when it is called acute; or it may be more or less continuous and recurrent, when it is called chronic.

Acute dyspepsia may be said to arise from imperfectly masticated, uncooked or poorly prepared foods, from certain seedy and tough-skinned fruits, or from full meals taken when the individual is chilled or exhausted.

The symptons are discomfort or pain in the region of the stomach, more or less intermittent and spasmodic, experienced usually within two hours after eating, attended by much flatulence and eructations of a hot, sour fluid, and sometimes by giddiness and headache.

The treatment consists in emptying the stomach by inducing vomiting. The finger in the throat, a glass of warm water with a teaspoonful of mustard stirred in it, or a dose of three to five-grain tablets of ipecacuanha, repeated, if necessary, every twenty minutes, will secure this end. The matters vomited should always be inspected, in order to learn what in future to avoid. It may be casually observed that veal, unless in th form of strained broth, is especially apt t induce indigestion and colic.

A mustard poultice applied to the painf region and kept there till the skin is decidedly reddened often brings great relie One of the most effective of all know agents for pain in the stomach is nu vomica. If taken early it will almos always relieve the pain. Two grains o opium are effective, but have unpleasan after-effects.

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ST. PETERSBURG GAYETIES.

BY SOPHIE FRIEDLAND.

There is no doubt that there ever has been or ever will be a more brilliant success than was achieved these days at the bazaar given at the Imperial Hermitage under the patronship of Her Majesty Empress Alexandra Feodorovna.

A bazaar and the Hermitage! A fair and an Imperial palace! Only pity and charity could unite such sharp contrasts. Only pity and charity could change the magnificent halls, in which are kept the greatest treasures of art and antiquity, into a public shopping-place. It was Empress Alexandra who, in her constant endeavor to relieve misery, has thought of giving this bazaar, the profits of which are to be used to construct a home for orphans, cripples and the feeble-minded. The noble thought of our young Czarina has found a hearty echo not only throughout the vast Russian Empire, but also abroad, for twenty-two foreign countries are magnificently represented in the daintily arranged kiosks which bear the flags of their nations, and which make the visitor compare the whole with an international festival. Twenty-two nations have followed the appeal of the Russian Empress, and have taken part with generous gifts in this work of love, thus showing a common brotherhood, which is the more touching at the present moment when in the East and West, on this side and across the ocean, war threats are heard.

As I look at the United States near England, Asia near Japan, at Turkey and Persia, all beautifully represented, I cannot help thinking of Tennyson's lovely verses:

> "I looked into the future, far as human eye could see.
> Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be,
> Till the war-drum beat no longer and the battle-flag was furled,
> In the parliament of men, the federation of the world."

Here in the majestic halls of an Imperial palace the nations have united in a common work of charity and humanity. Enmity, hatred and envy are forgotten and the bazaar at the Hermitage represents but a beautiful picture of peace and concord. In the annals of charity it will always stand as an example; it has brought the Czar and his family in closer contact with the people, and it has given an eloquent proof of the sympathy and respect which our country enjoys amongst the nations of the earth.

I have to acquaint my readers with the fact that the Hermitage is an annex to the famous Winter Palace, once the residence of the Russian Czars. Since the attempt of the Nihilists to destroy Czar Alexander II. and his family by undermining the dining-room, an attempt which was only frustrated by the tardy arrival of the late Duke of Hesse, the father of our Czarina, who was expected to dinner, it is only used for court balls and other official ceremonies.

While the Winter Palace has for years been closed to the public, the Hermitage counts thousands of visitors every day, who are anxious to admire the richest and most varied collection in the realm of art and science.

The Hermitage is composed of two great edifices, one of which, built under Nicholas I., with a magnificent view on the Neva, is now the meeting-place of thousands who do not often have the opportunity to buy something offered by Imperial or other august sales-people.

When I entered, or, at least, when I made frantic efforts to cross the threshold of the Hermitage, a crowd of people literally besieged the enormous vestibule, another wound its way in snail-like movements along the wide marble staircase, richly decorated with frescoes and mosaics, and a third stood waiting near the entrance for space.

The apartments of the Hermitage were from the beginning opened to the great public. This is a very surprising fact, but I was told that this was done by the special desire of the young Empress, who wanted to "break the ice" between the lower classes and the nobility.

The extraordinary simplicity, the low price of the articles, the gay crowd of all classes, and the particular liveliness which reigns in the endless line of rooms, destroy the last trace of awkwardness, and everybody seems to step with confidence on the mosaic floor, as if they all had come to see a simple exhibition or an everyday bazaar.

I had hardly time to look round for a bargain, when the orchestra struck up the "*Booge Czarja Kranz*" (God save the Czar), a sign that their majesties were about to enter. Smiling and bowing to all sides, they approached the tables, where the Great Mistress of Ceremonies, the Princess Galitzin, begged the honor of introducing the fair salesladies and the gentlemen who, with as much grace as good will, had offered to pack up and string the goods; for all the others, belonging to high life, were known to their Majesties.

A beautiful sight was the young Czarina, resplendent in youth and beauty, perhaps the only one in this great crowd dressed with the same simplicity which characterizes her whole being. The dark-blue walking-dress and the bonnet to match were quite a contrast to the light mauve velvet dress, richly embroidered with gold and stones, of the Countess Montebello, the wife of the French Ambassador, who was doing the honors of the French section.

France has once more given a proof of her friendship for us by sending to the bazaar different objects, the value of which amounts to 200,000 francs. Among these I admired most the gift of the President, M. Faure—a magnificent vase of Sèvres porcelain and a lovely painting by Berthier, called "The Beggars." The widow of the late President, the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, the Dukes of Aumale and Orleans, as well as many other highly placed French people, have shown their sympathy by contributing to this work of benevolence; and the artistically painted lamp-shade, as beautiful as it is valuable, was sent by the president of the society of French women.

Not far from the French kiosk is a Persian tent, in which bric-à-brac, pretty little ornaments, Oriental tables and chairs, richly decorated with turquoises and rubies, are quickly being sold for a very moderate price. A gem of this section is a beautiful silver belt, with gold engravings on an enameled ground, a piece of art valued at 500 roubles. This belt is a gift of Mr. Mirza Reza Chen, the Persian Ambassador, and will be disposed of by lottery the last day of the bazaar.

Accompanied by the gay tune of a festival march, played by their Majesties' own orchestra, I try to take a systematic round through the bazaar, beginning with the room in which two Grand Duchesses—the one in old-rose velvet, the other in red satin—offer for sale the gifts of royalty. Siberia and the Ural, the Caucasus and Asia Minor are worthily represented in the many and valuable gifts of the Czar and Czarina, the Dowager Empress and all the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses. Tables and stands in malachite and jasper, vases and statues in silver and bronze, carpets and table-cloths from Merv—all marked with a price lower than they are sold in stores—vie with each other in beauty and artistic workmanship. Their Majesties, the King and Queen of Scandinavia, "desirous to show their sympathy for Empress Alexandra Feodorovna and the bazaar under her protection," as was written in a private letter to Mr. Reuterscjöld, their Ambassador in Russia, have sent a very valuable collection of the national productions of Sweden and Norway.

The Queen of Roumelia, well known under the *nom de plume* of "Carmen Sylva," has sent her works, and a number of beautiful paintings (mostly flowers) done by herself and her niece, the Crown Princess of Roumelia.

In a large glass case and on three good-sized tables are the objects sent by the royal grandmother of the patroness, Queen Victoria; beautiful china, India shawls, bric-a-brac in ivory, and filigree and flannel jackets. (I bought one at the rate of fifty copecks). A beautiful present was given to the bazaar by Madame Carnot, of France; two volumes of the "Memoirs of Lazare Carnot," edited by the late President, at 750 francs each. They were bought by the Czar.

Quite bewildered by the number of beautiful things exhibited in the "Pavilion des Bois," I approach an elegant little kiosk, in which Maria Pavlovna, the beautiful wife of Grand-Duke Vladimir, is busy making little bouquets, which are sold faster than she is able to tie them. What a lovely woman she is, to be sure, and age seems to respect her beauty. It is said her complexion is enameled, but this is hardly likely, as at this moment she looks quite flushed. Grand-Duke Alexander Michaelovitz, the brother-in-law of the Czar, who, by the way, has given to the bazaar magnificent illustrations of the Caucasus, and another Grand-Duke are putting the little bouquets of roses and lilies of the valley into *boutonnières* and offering them to the buyers.

Opposite to the flower kiosk, in the part of the Hermitage which is called the Gallery of Raphael, is a pond for gold-fish, inclosed by enormous palm-trees, which form a beautiful background to the lovely figure of a young girl, who is just stripping off her gloves to angle for the little fish in her charge. This is Elena Vladimirovna, the daughter of Marie Pavlovna, who promises fair to be her mother's rival in beauty and grace. She is just on the verge of womanhood—this little rosebud of a princess—who is taking part in the work of love; but in the plain white dress, rather too short for her fifteen years, she looks quite a child, but a bewitching one in the confused expression of the small features and the big, dark eyes, which look quite helplessly at the big crowd which has gathered around the pond; and on the opposite wall, from a big bronze frame, the kind, serious eyes of the young patroness of this international rendezvous of charity is looking at the little Grand-Duchess, who some day may occupy a position not less responsible than her own.

The Turkish pavilion is crowded with goods sent direct from Constantinople and the Turkish cities. Here are valuable carpets, chairs and tables in Oriental mosaic embroideries, sold for next to nothing; slippers from one rouble up; pretty little Egyptian vases for fifteen copecks (seven and a half cents), and a number of other things at the same price.

The Austrian department excels in beautiful cut glass and elegant objects in leather. Everything sold cheaper than in the stores, and the charming productions of Japan find a ready market on account of their beauty and low price.

At the door of the American section I met a friend who broke my heart by telling me that there was no bargain waiting for me there, as the great number of things sent by the kind-hearted people from across the Atlantic were sold the very first day. The Reverend Frajer, the pastor of the American church, who acted as the secretary of the bazaar, afterward told me that Russia was progressing, indeed, if it could appreciate so highly the practical articles sent by the United States. Time and space forbid to describe in full the beautiful things displayed in the different departments. What interested me most was the ability with which these grand-dukes, duchesses and other people of the highest position, who never even enter a store, played the part of salesmen and saleswomen.

If the sale continues as it has begun, the bazaar will have to be closed before the fixed time, for everybody leaves the halls of the Hermitage richly laden, satisfied in having helped to relieve suffering, and doubly satisfied with the bargains which were so easy to make in nearly every section of this international market.

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UNRECOGNIZED FORCES.

It is one of the strange and incomprehensible facts of everyday life that there are forces, powers, causes, or whatever else one may choose to call them, that do in some way control actions and situations, and against which we are utterly powerless to contend. We set about a task in good faith; we conform to all the circumstances as we understand them; we meet all of the requirements and accede to all of the demands of the situation; we are instant in season and out of season, alert and painstaking.

Under given conditions success is supposed to crown our efforts, but all the same, it does not, and our entire project is a failure.

Whether we are going to call this luck or fate or a combination of circumstances does not in the least matter. It is a fact recognized by all persons of experience that, regardless of the care and judgment which we put into things, they will not always go our way, and by no process of research and reasoning can we find out the why and wherefore. We simply know that this is so.

The unsophisticated and thoughtless declare that they have met with bad luck; the philosopher and the platitudinarian indulge in wise comments, and say that there has been bad management somewhere. As a matter of course, one of these expressions is quite as far afield as the other, for there are forces at work and laws in perpetual operation of which we are as yet profoundly ignorant.

The bad luck comes not from carelessness, mismanagement or misjudgment. We have based our ideas upon the best knowledge we have of existing things, and in situations like these the term "mismanagement" is highly inappropriate.

Some remarkable instances of what is called "bad luck" have been narrated concerning sailing craft and complicated pieces of machinery. Some years ago a Western engineer gave an account of a locomotive that he ran for a number of years. It was a common saying on the road that the engine was voodooed, that there rarely was a week that something did not happen to her; if she could not slip an eccentric, break a wheel, blow out some portion of her machinery or crack an axle, she was certain to poke her nose into a sandbank or back off the track and land in a ditch. A quarter of the value of this unfortunate engine was consumed in repairs, and when one day she pitched down an embankment into the river, engineer and owners alike professed themselves fairly well satisfied that she had gotten out of the way without an enormous loss of life. There are steamships that seem to have met with a series of accidents and mishaps from the outset, and but for the fact that they involved an enormous original outlay, and are of very great value, their owners would many times prefer to break them to pieces or abandon them and allow them to go to the bottom without further delay.

The great American Liner *St. Paul* has been running under hard luck from the outset. Whether this means a series of coincidences or whether there are some curious and uncontrollable forces that continually throw obstacles in the way, is one of the things that a great many people who have interests in such unlucky "white elephants" would be glad to understand.

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HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where Affection calls—
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded;
Home!—go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us,—
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom;
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet?
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
Where there's one we love to meet us.

◆

THE WASHINGTON DOCTRINE.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachment for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence, frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed and bloody contests. The nation prompted by ill-will and resentment sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes, perhaps, the liberty, of nations has been the victim.—*Farewell Address.*

Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you?

When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market fifty years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many sarsaparillas. But only one Ayer's. IT CURES.

Eames's Bicycle Trip.

BY ARTHUR MIDDLETON.

Mr. Archibald Eames lived in a comfortable apartment on Madison Avenue, with no one to disturb or look after him but his man, White, and "he was picked green," as Eames said, but had grown ripe under his careful training and was a model servant.

Everybody liked Eames because he was such a big, good-natured, easy-going fellow, always ready for anything, and, consequently, in great demand. But to-night he was alone in his snug little smoking-room, wrapped in a komana, and reclining at full length in a big easy-chair, and in deep thought. This was not an impossible occurrence, but infrequent, for he had nothing to trouble or worry him, and seldom thought hard. The only thing that ever did cause him any anxiety was his conscience, and it never distressed him in any way except to make him remorseful about his extravagance. Not because he couldn't afford to be extravagant, for he was more than amply supplied with the wherewithal to satisfy his wildest desires, but for the reason that he felt it wasn't just right. This state of mind had come over him in the afternoon after he had purchased the handsomest pair of gold buckles, set with rubies, that he could find, and had sent them to a French dancing-girl whom he had met a night or two before and who had pleased him. He didn't regret what he had done for a moment, but somehow he felt extremely miserable, so he kept away from the clubs and sent a telegram to some friends with whom he had promised to dine.

Then he wandered downtown and into an all-day variety performance, which bored him; and after two hours, it being near his dinner-time, he went to a cheap *table d'hote* restaurant. When the waiter handed him a check for fifty cents, he wanted to give him a dollar and walk away, but bravely waited for his change and left only ten cents on the tray, which he knew was the customary fee in that place, and then walked hastily out, feeling very much ashamed of himself, thinking that economy is a hard thing to learn. Now he was smoking fast, as he always did when in deep thought.

An hour passed by, and Eames was thinking of his friends sitting over their ices and coffee, and wishing that he had been without a conscience; then it occurred to him that he could sell his two polo ponies. They were a useless expense, as winter was coming on, and would bring at least two hundred dollars, though it was out of the season. He could give up smoking Nestors and Panatelas for six months, which would easily come to one hundred dollars. And as for walking awhile instead of always taking a cab, as was his custom, it would be a little inconvenient, to be sure, but the exercise would do him good. This would certainly save another hundred dollars in a month or two. So that, taking it altogether, he would have economized to the extent of four hundred dollars. It pleased Eames to think how easily he had overcome the trouble, and he felt better. Presently he thought to himself:

"Since I've really saved four hundred dollars, I may as well take a little trip somewhere, for now I can really afford it. This weather is just right for bicycling in the Berkshires, and the roads must be good; it will be altogether charming, and, besides, quite economical."

In the morning Eames felt in a good humor with himself and everybody. He had not forgotten his decision of the previous night, so instead of taking a cab, walked downtown to a bicycle store of which he knew, where he bought the best bicycle there was to be had, for which he paid one hundred dollars, ordering it to be delivered. He had never owned a bicycle, but had ridden with a club at the Riding Hall and was quite at home on a wheel, so he decided to start the following day, take the train to Springfield, and from there go wherever the roads happened to take him, stopping at night where he could; rather enjoying the idea of such an uncommon and uncertain expedition.

But thinking that it might be pleasant, perhaps, to spend a few days with his friend Cogswell, who had a large country place in the Hills, and where there was sure to be a gay party, he sent up a large box of candy, and ordered White to express his trunk ahead to Springfield, after which Eames thought it would be a good idea to take a ride in the Park and try the new wheel. He was surprised to see so many men and women on bicycles. It pleased him to think that he had decided upon such a sensible and popular way to take a journey in the country, and he felt better for the ride.

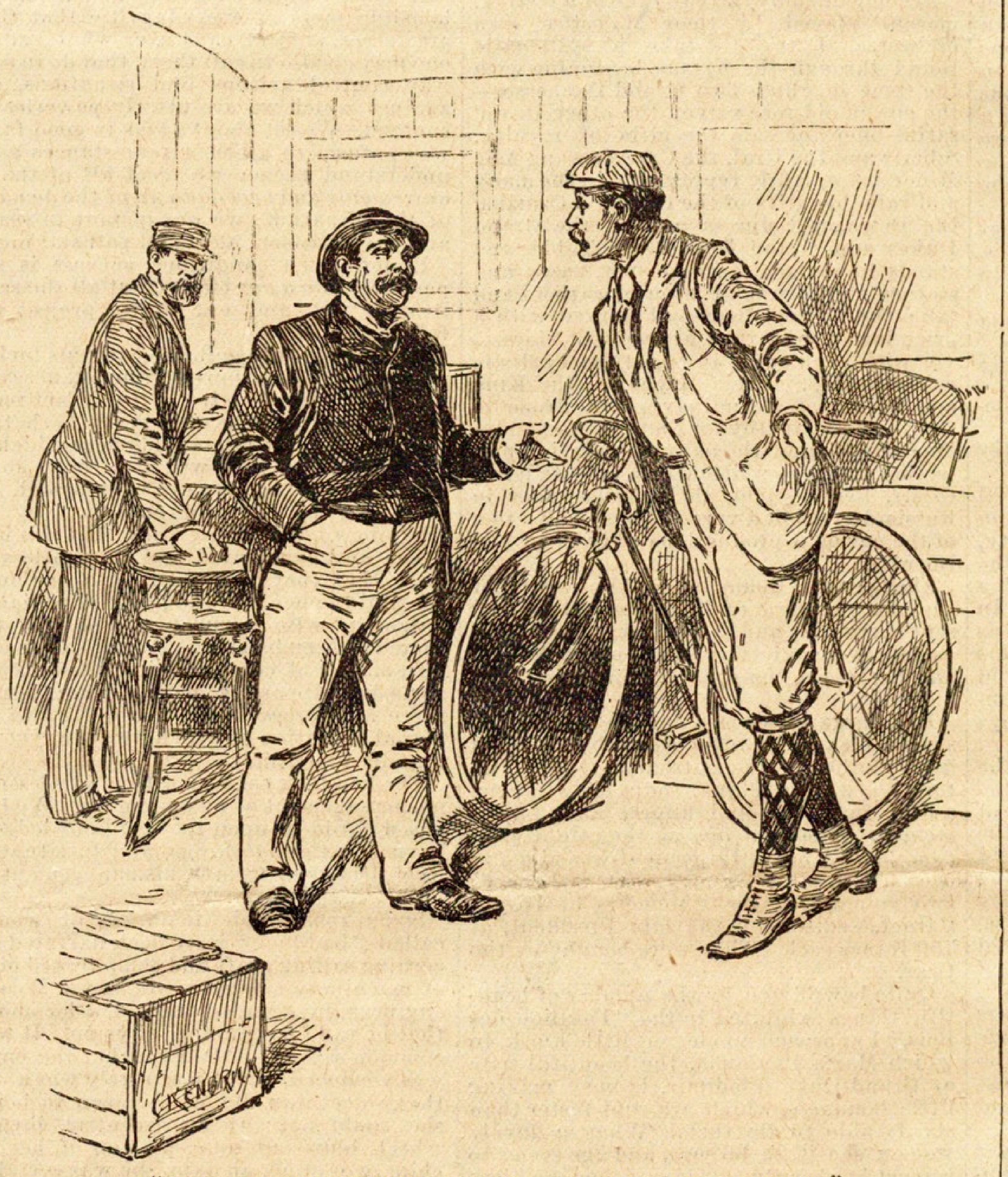
Leaving the wheel leaning against the iron fence, he went in with the intention of telling White to rub it up a bit before putting it away; but that worthy not being about at the moment, he went out to bring it in himself. Then Eames grew suddenly very angry and swore, which was unusual. The bicycle was gone, and all he could see of it was the rear wheel, which was rapidly disappearing down the street, and the back of the thief, who was going at breakneck speed and stooping forward so that his head was not in sight.

Eames was very much put out, and sent a note to the company from whom he had purchased the wheel, telling them of his loss, and asking "would they not look out for it?" He had made up his mind for a charming trip, and now, the day before he intended to start, his bicycle was stolen, and he felt that it was quite out of the question to pay one hundred dollars more for another wheel.

During the evening he was in a wretched state of mind. In the morning he felt even more anxious than ever to get away in the country and do something extraordinary. Then, as he glanced hastily over the morning paper, the following advertisement caught his eye and held his attention:

ALMOST NEW BICYCLE for sale. Standard make. $50 only.

"Well, that looks good," said Eames to himself, and brightening up. "I think I could afford fifty dollars for another bicycle, and if this wheel is as good as it is advertised to be, by Jove, I'll buy it and take the trip, after all."



"MAKE IT TWO HUNDRED EXTRA, AND LEAVE ME THE BIKE."

He hurriedly put on his hat and gloves and he started for the address given. It was in a very respectable neighborhood and the man who had the wheel for sale was fortunately at home. Eames at once mentioned having seen the advertisement, and asked to be shown the wheel, which happened to be the same make as the one that had been stolen from him. It was in exceptionally good condition, in fact almost new, and he wondered why the owner offered it so cheap, and prudently asked "what his reasons were for selling?" The man explained that he had bought the machine only a short time previous; it had been ridden but once or twice, and now he had been offered a position on a steamship line and would have no further chance for wheeling, so rather than leave it for sale with some one, and, perhaps, wait a long time to obtain a little more money, he preferred taking less and getting rid of it at once.

This seemed to Eames like an exceptionally sensible explanation, so he at once bought and paid fifty dollars for the bicycle, put it on a cab, which he felt sure was a necessary expense under the circumstances, and drove to the Grand Central Station to go on the one o'clock train for Springfield. Then he went to his rooms, put on his bicycle clothes, hurried to the depot, saw the wheel carefully stowed away in the baggage-car, after which he seated himself comfortably in a chair-car. He had noticed a sharp-featured individual watching him as he went forward to the baggage-car, and as he saw him walking up and down the platform evidently waiting for the train to start, Eames wondered whether he were a peddler or a pickpocket, and then thought nothing more about it.

But soon after the train started he happened to glance across the car, and caught the sly-looking man watching him in a looking-glass between the windows. This worried him, and he wondered why the railroad people sold chair seats to such seedy-looking persons, and thought it strange that a man with such a shiny coat and soiled shirt could afford to spend money in this way. Then the fellow horrified him by coming directly over and taking the vacant seat next to his, so he turned as far around as possible and pretended to be deeply engrossed in a paper as the man leaned forward and asked him "if he was off on a bicycle trip?" but when he again repeated, "Are you off on a trip?" and in a loud enough tone to attract the attention of the other passengers, Eames hastily turned, and sharply answered: "Yes."

"Great weather for biking," went on the man, quite unabashed. "Is that your bike in the baggage-car?"

"Yes, that's my bicycle," answered Eames, precisely and disgustedly, for all the people were now watching him, with very much amused expressions, and he was so mortified that he started to get up and go into the smoking-room, when the man leaned quickly forward and said, in a lower tone of voice:

"No, you don't get away from me so easily as that, my gay young friend. I'm a special bicycle detective, and I'm going to take you back to the station-house and put you where you belong for stealin' the wheel you've got in the baggage-car; it's No. 30113, and was reported to me last night. I never had such luck in odd numbers before, but I've got you easy now, so don't make no fuss and we'll get off at the next station and take the first train back."

Eames was red in the face with fury; then he turned nervously pale and thought how easy it would be and how it would soothe his feelings to land the fellow a right-hander in the face, and to tell him he was a liar. But he knew this would only make the mistake worse, and the man would explain the whole story to every one in the car, and it would look bad for him; so, assuming the most frigid air possible, he told the detective that he was mistaken, and that he had never stolen anything in his life.

"Oh, come, now," said the man, "don't try any bluff on me. You own that bike, don't you?"

"Yes; but I only bought it to-day," answered Eames; "and you said the report of a machine being stolen came to you last evening."

"That's good, too," said the detective; "but ain't the number of it No. 30113?"

"I have no idea what the number of it is; in fact, it never occurred to me that it had a number," answered Eames.

"Well, it has got a number, my fine bird; and you stole that bike from a rich gentleman who lives on Madison Avenue, and the company what makes them bikes gives a reward of fifty dollars for every stolen one that's returned, and I ain't goin' to lose them fifty plunks, you can bet on that; so you just naturally walk up into the baggage-car, where I can be more free like."

Eames was glad enough to get out of the sight of the other passengers, who were staring at him and evidently wondering what the trouble was all about; but the man kept unpleasantly close to him as he walked forward, and he often wondered afterward how he ever kept from kicking him off of one of the platforms. He noticed the detective wink at the baggage-man as they entered the car, and saw him grin back as he recognized the detective, and said:

"Hello, Jimmy! ketched another tourist?"

"Yes," replied the detective, as he turned to Eames. "Is that your bike?"

"Yes, it's mine," said Eames, sadly.

"Well, then, that's number 30113 stamped right there in the frame, plain as your face, ain't it?"

"It certainly is," answered Eames.

"Well, then, you needn't try to give me no more jolly. You stole that bike; but you wasn't slick enough to get away with it when I's around; and you got to go back with me and face the music, so just sit down and make the best of it."

Eames was puzzled. He knew the matter could be easily arranged and everything would be explained satisfactorily if he went back to the city; but it might get out among his friends. And, besides that, he had started on a trip, was in the humor for it, and did not intend to return with a bicycle detective or any one else; so he called him away from the baggage-man, to whom he was relating the story, and said he would give him fifty dollars reward himself, which would save him any further trouble, and nothing would ever be said about it.

"No you don't," was the suspicious reply, "you can't make me no money racket; and besides that I'm beginnin' to think you're one of the ring, one of these fine, light-fingered gents, and I'm goin' to take you back to the city, no matter who you are."

Eames began to be worried very much. Even if he had his cardcase or any letters, it would be useless to try to impress anything on such a stubborn fool. Visions of court rooms came to him; he thought of the newspapers and imagined the glowing headlines: "Mr. Archibald Eames—well-known society man—arrested for stealing a bicycle," etc., and he grew desperate.

"I'll give an extra hundred to get rid of you," he said.

The detective was surprised, his eyes glittered, but he hesitated.

"It ain't enough. Make it two hundred extra, leave me the bike, and you can go where you please if you swear by all that's good and holy you won't give me away."

"I am a gentleman, and you need have no fear," answered Eames; and they stepped through the door and out of sight on the platform, where he quickly took the two hundred and fifty dollars from his purse and handed them to the detective. Then he turned without a word as the man stood with a half-wondering, half-apologetic look on his face, and walked leisurely back to his seat in the chair-car, sat down with a long sigh of relief, and went to sleep. When he woke up at Springfield all his troubles came back like a bad dream; his bicycle was gone and almost all his money, but the trunk which White had sent ahead was at the station; so Eames went to a livery stable, hired a buckboard, and told the driver to take him and his baggage to Cogswell's place, which was twenty-five miles away, in the shortest possible time.

In two weeks Eames returned to New York. They had been glad to see him at Cogswell's, and had given him a merry time, with plenty of riding and driving, so he forgot all about his bicycle trouble and never thought of it again until he walked into his room, where, among an assortment of mail, the word "bicycle" in the corner of an envelope caught his eye. Then, with a feeling of pleasant amusement, he remembered his original plans and all the trouble he had suffered; so, picking up the letter, he opened it and read as follows:

ARCHIBALD EAMES, ESQ.—*Dear Sir*: The wheel which you reported stolen from your residence the day after purchase of the same was No. 30113, and has been returned through our special detective service by Mr. James McWhirr, who has been paid the regular reward of $50 for the return of same.

The wheel awaits your orders.

Pespectfully yours,
MANUFACTURING CO.

"Let me see," said Eames, thoughtfully, "it's quite a puzzle. The bicycle cost $100, then I paid $50 more for it from the man who stole it from me, then $50 reward for stealing my own wheel, and $200 to keep from being arrested, which makes $400 altogether. Mr. James McWhirr got $250 from me and $50 from the company—a very good day's work, but I'd have doubled it rather than have been arrested—and anyhow, I've got the bicycle back, which saves me $100, so I can afford to give a little box party at the opera to-morrow night, and then, after that, I'll begin to economize."

Know Enameline?

It is the modern, ready-to-use Stove Paste.
As clean to use as soap and water. A bright gloss with half the work of other polishes.
Sold everywhere. See that you get the genuine;

NEW BICYCLE LAMP.

Everything that belongs to the bicycle is just now of the greatest interest.

A novelty is a dynamo by means of which the rider furnishes his own electric light. The description of it and its action is as follows: "The revolution of the rider's wheel generates the electricity and the light is projected by an improved bi-focal reflector. The apparatus weighs about one and one-half pounds and can be readily attached to any make of machine. A small pneumatic rubber wheel comes in contact with the bicycle wheel in front of the rider, and this gears to a small metal wheel which in turn drives the armature of the dynamo. The faster the rider goes the more electricity he generates, and consequently the brighter his light, which is ordinarily bright enough to allow of reading a newspaper seventy-five feet distant. The chief advantage claimed for the new light is that it is non-extinguishable, no matter how rough the road, except when the machine is at rest. Other advantages claimed are economy and brilliancy, as compared with any other light."

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A VALUABLE OPPORTUNITY.

The Racine Specialty Co., of Racine, Wis., must have 100 reliable agents to sell 100 first-class articles. Your choice. Exclusive territory. See their advertisement and write at once. —*a.*

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WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING TAUGHT FREE.

That pleasant and profitable employment is fully explained in the Manual issued by the Hofman Supply Co., of Columbus, O. It tells all the secrets, the tools necessary, how to use them, in short, gives a complete course of instruction, all one need in order to become an expert watch and clock repairer. This book will be mailed free to any one. Address the Hofman Supply Co., 269 Ray Street, Columbus, O. —*a.*

◆

TWO HUNDRED MILES OF ALPS.

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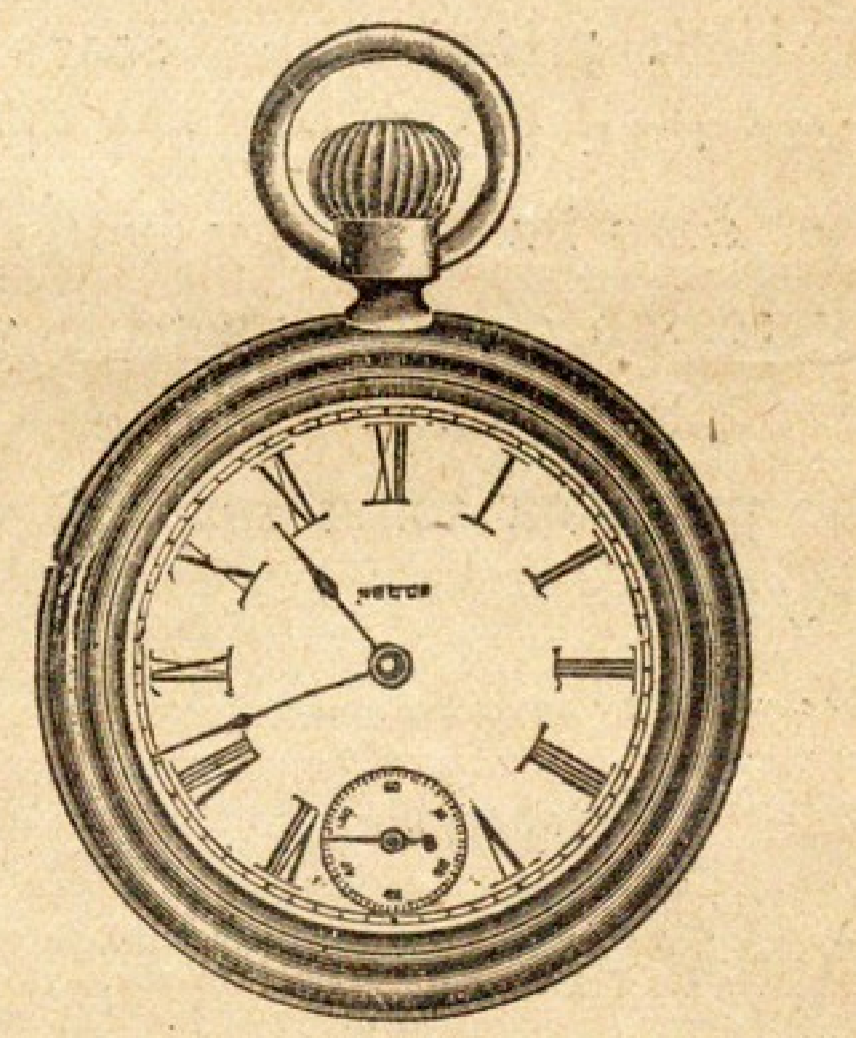

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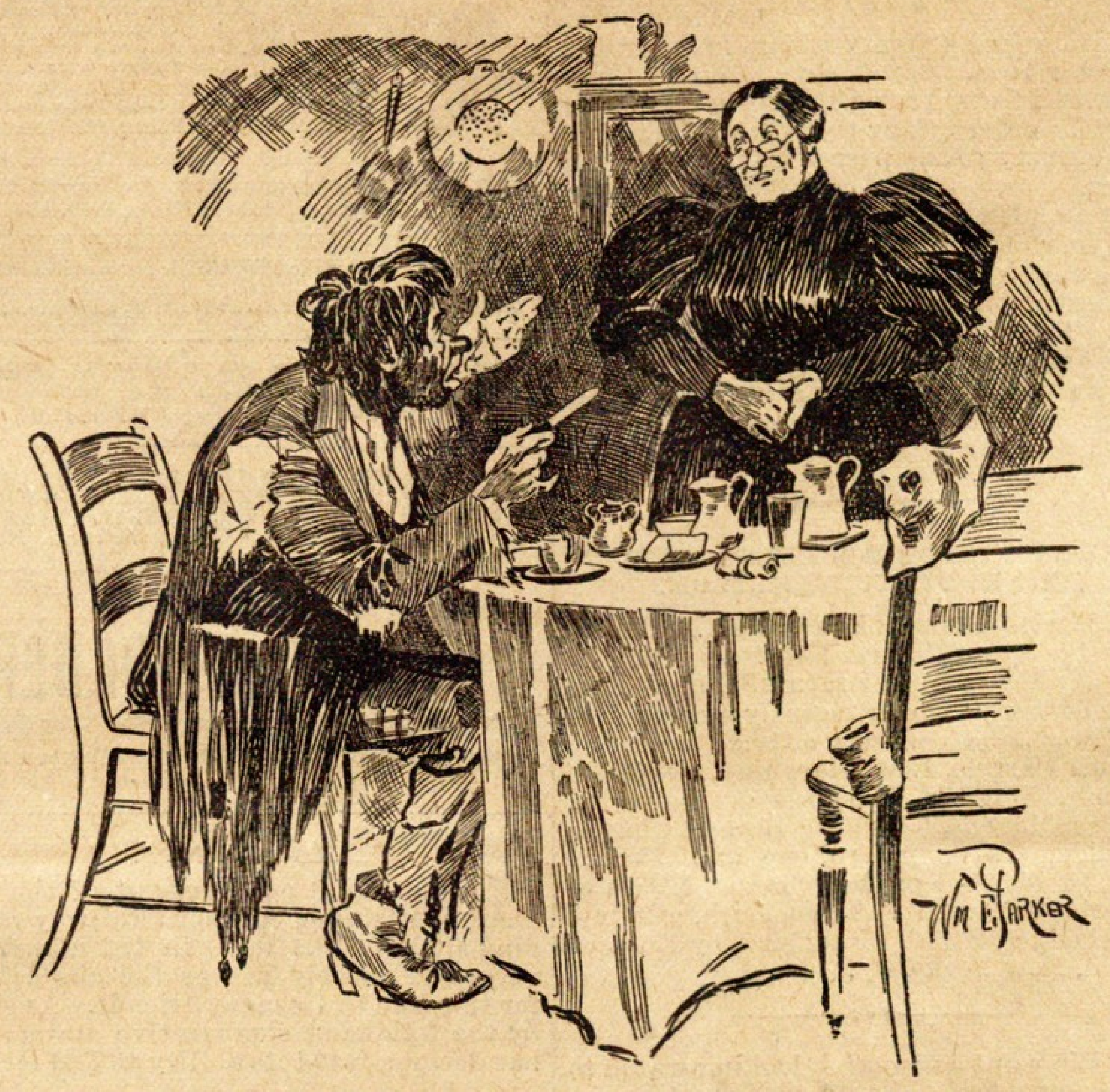

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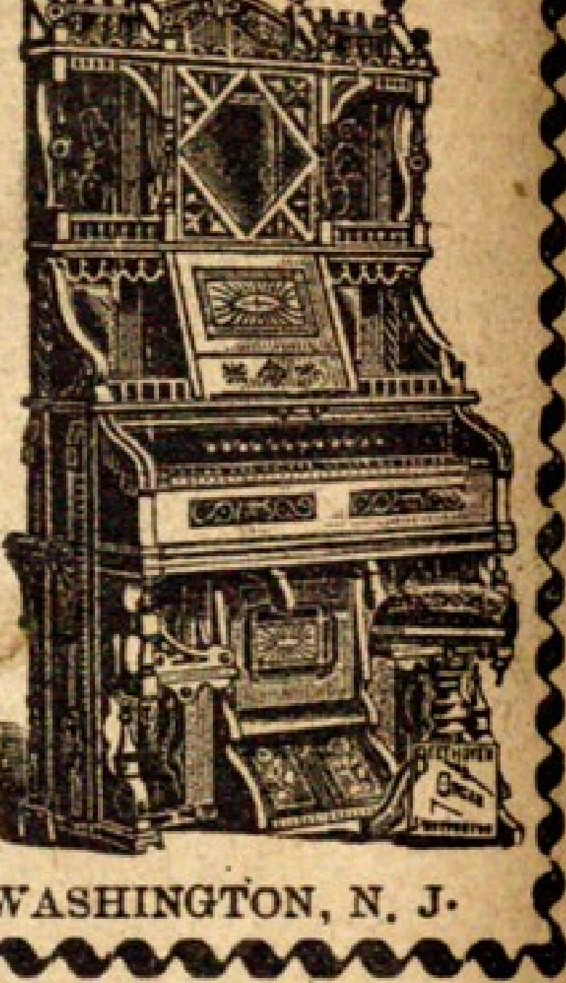

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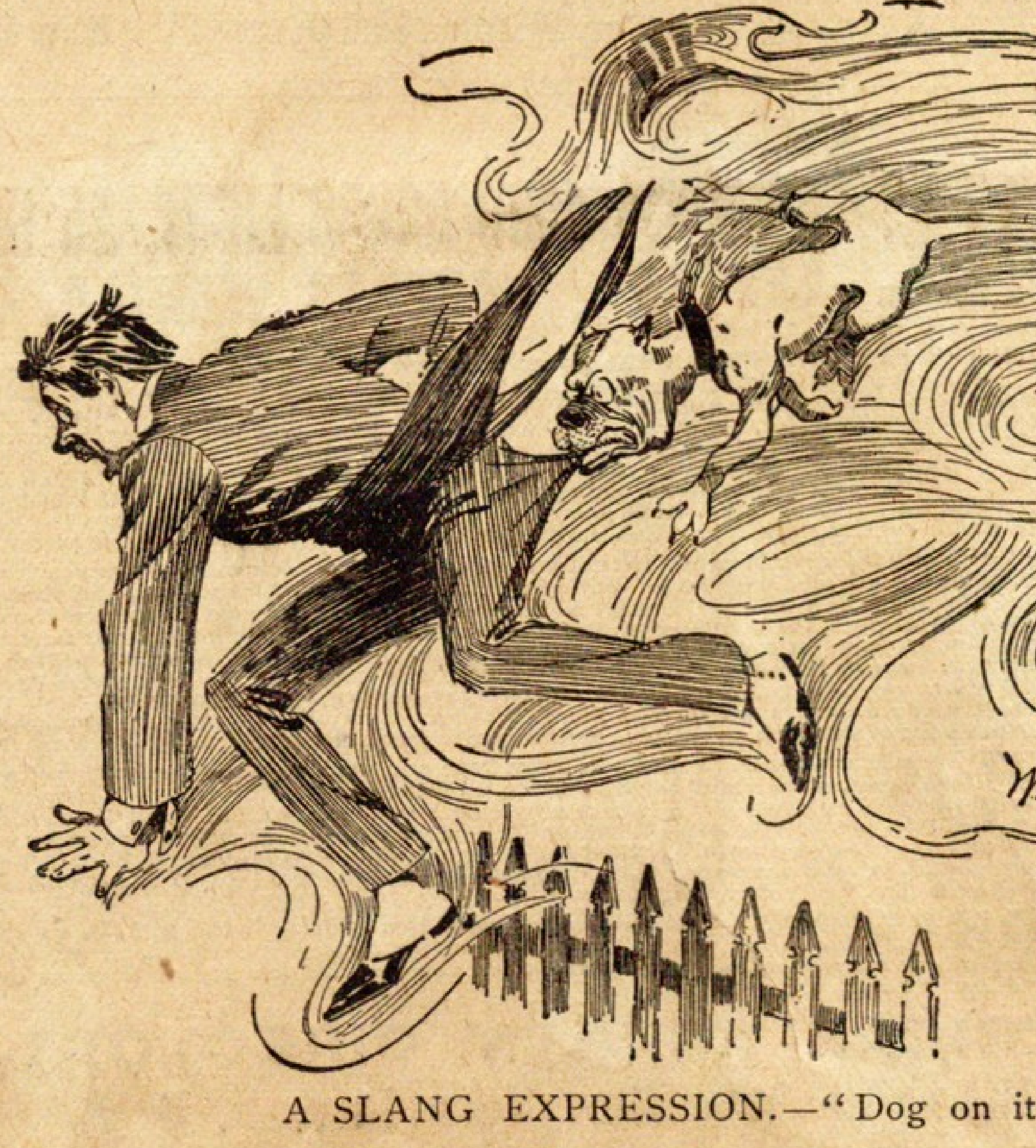

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